

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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The Knickerbockers:

WHO AND WHAT ARE THEY?

PROBABLY no other portion of the population of our country is less generally understood, as to its real character, than the denizens of our own Empire City. If one enunciates the patronymic, 'KNICKERBOCKER,' the Dutchman of our colonial times rises before the mind. If the individual New-Yorker of the present age is spoken of, no definite idea is suggested, while the aggregate mass of our population is considered as rather a congeries of heterogeneous materials than as a homogeneous and well-defined whole. Without stopping to point out the cause of this prevalent error, we do not hesitate to pronounce all this a misapprehension of the truth of the whole subject, and to claim for the population of New-York a proper and well-defined individuality of character, and a real elevation of social position, that need not dread a comparison with any other portion or class of the population of the country.

Some modern nations pride themselves upon their ability to trace their descent from some ancient tribe or people whose names and deeds are found among the records of former times. Even some of the older states and cities of this republic are not altogether destitute of this ancestral vanity. New-England boasts of her Puritan fathers; Virginia, of her gallant cavaliers; Maryland, of her liberal-minded Roman Catholic founders; and Pennsylvania, of her peaceable but liberty-loving Quaker ancestry. New-York might fearlessly enter the lists with these, and urge the claims of her Belgic ancestors to equal honors with any of them; but another method of vindication is deemed at once more truthful, and better adapted to the intended purpose. The character of New-York is not an imported or inherited one; it is a home production, developed from the assimilated elements out of which the present population has been derived. The distinct identity and the real excellence of this native character constitute the true glory of the people of our city.

The original settlers of New-Netherlandt, it is well known, were chiefly

natives of Holland; and of course the settlement was originally a Dutch colony, having the manners and customs, the language and religion, and generally all the social institutions of the Fatherland. But from the beginning the Belgic basis of the people of New-Amsterdam was diluted and mixed with many foreign ingredients. From the earliest times the colony was an asylum from religious persecution, so that large numbers of refugees of almost every name and creed, both from Europe and the neighboring colonies, were attracted to that place. There were Jews and Anabaptists, Quakers and Sabbatarians, and, to employ the language of Governor Dongan, 'some of almost every belief, and most of none at all,' all dwelling together in perfect equality, and consequently in peace and good neighborhood. The zeal of the patroons to induce immigrants to settle within their several grants led them to offer liberal terms to settlers, and to disregard national distinctions and theological differences. It thus happened that these infantile settlements were often composed of the most diverse materials; the only point of coincidence being that all should be householders, and loyal denizens of the colony. As, in the golden age of the commonwealth of Rome, to be a Roman citizen was a sufficient title to all the immunities of the republic, so in these primitive times every householder in New-Netherlandt enjoyed all the privileges of citizenship. This primary social element has given its impress to the whole body, so that our whole social system is only a community of families.

At several times during the early period of the colonial existence of New-Netherlandt, there were very considerable accessions of aggregate bodies of immigrants from other portions of Europe than Holland. Among the earliest of these were a body of Walloons, a fragment of an ancient race residing on the frontiers between France and Flanders, speaking the old Gallic language, and professing the Reformed religion. During the famous 'Thirty Years' War,' they were distinguished for valor and indomitable prowess; but the events of war, in which destiny rather than skill and might seems to prevail, were against them. Determining, therefore, to preserve their liberties, though at the expense of their country, they turned their eyes toward America. They sought to be admitted, with their social and civil institutions, to the colony of Virginia; a request that was promptly denied. Turned aside from that purpose, they came, about the year 1624, to seek an asylum among their kindred at New-Netherlandt, and were permitted to locate themselves in a body at the Wallabout, (*Wahle bocht*), or 'Bay of the Strangers,' so called from themselves, on Long-Island, and within the present corporate limits of the city of Brooklyn. Another portion of them passed up the Hudson, and established themselves at the colony of Esopus. Thus a new, though not altogether a foreign element was introduced into the colonial population.

About the year 1642, a colony of the English race came from New-England, and planted themselves beside and among their Belgic predecessors on the northern shore of Long-Island Sound, and within the acknowledged limits of the Dutch possessions. These were a band of religionists who had followed the Pilgrim train to America, but were now compelled, on account of the intolerance of the ruling powers of

New-England and their own pertinacious non-conformity, to remove beyond the rigorous dominion of the Puritans, and seek a refuge under a less exacting government. They accordingly requested the privilege to settle within the limits of New-Netherlandt, and were permitted to do so, having lands assigned them for their habitation, and the privileges of a free manor, and the unmolested exercise of their religion guaranteed to them. Soon after, the little colony was strengthened by the arrival of Throggmorton and his associates, who had been expelled from Massachusetts with Roger Williams, and who now came with thirty-five families, and were located at the place ever since called, from the name of the leader of this exiled band, Throgg's Neck.

In the same year, the Lady Moody, with her minor son, Sir Henry, and many followers, fleeing from New-England for the same cause, came to New-Netherlandt and planted the town of Gravezande (Gravesend) on Long-Island. They were soon followed by a large number of New-England families, to whom lands were granted upon their enrolling themselves liegemen of the province. So completely did these Anglo-Saxon immigrants become assimilated to the common character, that many of them are now recognized as the progenitors of the principal *Dutch* families found in that neighborhood. But this assimilation was not effected at once, nor was the Anglo-Saxon element thus introduced ever entirely lost. The influx of English settlers led, at this early period, to a public recognition of the English language, and to other appropriate modifications of the public administration. In pursuance of this liberal policy, and with the avowed design 'to prevent the disturbance of harmony and social intercourse by the incoming of so many strangers to settle here,' the Director-General appointed one of these immigrants English Secretary to the Council of New-Netherlandt.

The conquest of the Swedish colony on the Delaware, in 1665, by Governor Stuyvesant, led to the transfer of a large portion of the inhabitants of that colony to the banks of the Hudson. As after the conquest some of the Swedes refused to swear allegiance to their conquerors, the valorous Stuyvesant 'picked out the flower of the Swedish troops, and sent them with some of the principal inhabitants to Manhattan.' A part of these were permitted to remain in the city, and the rest sent to the Walloons' colony at Esopus. These Scandinavians brought with them the Lutheran faith and worship, which had been hitherto unknown in the colony; and although their language was soon lost, and even their family names accommodated to the more favored dialects, these Swedish families can still be traced among us, and they plainly demonstrate that the contribution thus made to the population of the colony was far from being an unimportant one.

The conquest of the entire colony of New-Netherlandt by the English, in 1668, necessarily made great changes in the condition, and ultimately in the character, of the people. It is supposed that at that time nearly one half of the whole population was of British extraction; and though Dutch manners generally prevailed, yet were these greatly modified by so large an admixture of strangers. With the new government, English manners as well as English laws came into favor. The language of the dominant nation, already spoken by one half of the people, was made

the medium of communication in all public affairs, and was therefore cultivated by all who aspired to either its advantages or its respectability. A very considerable influx of English people followed immediately after the setting up of the new order of things, some of them as actual settlers, and others as public functionaries, or as their retainers and servants. Many of these likewise remained permanently in the province, and were by degrees incorporated among the mass of the population.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century a large number of French Protestants, driven from their own country by the murderous persecution that followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, sought a refuge in the province of New-York. These wretched victims of treachery and intolerance were cordially welcomed to this asylum of the persecuted, where they settled and became established as denizens. Thus a new and very considerable element was brought into the social body. It should not be forgotten that, though these refugees from persecution were Frenchmen, they were a very different class of people from those whom we now recognize as just specimens of that frivolous and volatile nation. They were eminently a sober and religious people; and more than this, they were martyrs for religious liberty; and of course they brought with them their characteristic earnestness in matters of faith and duty. As to secular affairs, they were skilful artisans, industrious and temperate in their habits of life, and devotedly attached to their homes and families. Such persons could not be otherwise than highly valuable accessions to any social and civil community, and especially to such as was New-York at that period. Some of these settled in New-York, and others in different places in the province, where they soon became quite amalgamated with the common mass, and by their own habits and examples contributed much to the social character of the people.

A few years later, (in 1710,) some three thousand Germans, who had been driven by the storm of war out of the Palatinate and had taken refuge in England, were sent out by the British government to New-York. These were both political and religious exiles, and of course they brought with them the peculiarities of opinion that had caused their sufferings; and as men usually cherish their sentiments most when they are maintained at greatest expense, these exiles were zealous advocates of political and religious liberty. These people were settled along the Hudson and in the fertile valley of the Mohawk; and afterward many of them came to dwell in the city, and thus cast another element into the motley mass.

About this time the effects of the English revolution, and especially the defeat of the Pretender in Ireland, caused a large emigration of the partisans of the vanquished Stuarts to America. These were from all of the three kingdoms, English, Scotch and Irish, and generally of a somewhat elevated social grade. These, despairing of the cause of their legitimate prince, came now to spend their days in quiet in this universal city of refuge, where their dislike of the ruling dynasty of Great Britain transformed them into violent friends of individual freedom.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the population of New-York city amounted to about five thousand, made up, as has been shown, of the most heterogeneous materials. Of these, the original Dutch was

still the largest body, although much inferior to the aggregate of all the others. The American Dutchman too had become, through a variety of causes, a very different kind of person from his European prototype. The next largest class was the motley group of natives of the British Islands, and their descendants born in the province; a class united only by a community of language, and of relations to the government. Next to these in numbers, and resembling them in many particulars, although distinguished by clearly-marked traits of character, were the immigrants from the neighboring colonies. Among these were Puritans and separatists from theocratic New-England, those laying aside their exacting intolerance, and these their obtrusive non-conformity; reduced cavaliers and emancipated apprentices from Virginia, forgetting here the artificial barriers that had formerly separated them; with Quakers from Pennsylvania and New-Jersey, and refugee servants from the West Indies. All these, with the Walloons, Huguenots, and Palatinates, made up the grotesque mass of our ancestral population one hundred and fifty years ago. Thus huddled together, they were rather the elements out of which society was to be made, than a properly-consolidated social body.

But of the five thousand persons found in the city of New-York at that time, not less than a full sixth part were of a race not yet spoken of. More than eight hundred of them were negroes, originally introduced as slaves, and most of them still held in that degraded condition. The great disparity of physical character between them and the whites, as well as their social and personal degradation as a class, fixed an impassable gulf between them and the other classes of the community. They accordingly constituted a distinct *caste* in society, and have consequently remained a foreign mass in the social body, quite incapable of assimilating with it. Within the last half century the relative proportion of this class of the population has declined more than one half; and although they have long since ceased to be slaves, and many of them have received the rudiments of a plain education, they are still a wholly distinct and an outcast class in the community.

Among such an aggregation of the crude elements of a population, the local manners and national prejudices of each class would necessarily be kept somewhat under restraint. No one class had so great a preponderance as to be able to assimilate all the rest to its own character; nor were the various elements of character found among the several classes such as could be harmonized into a consistent unity. The necessity of some common medium of communication, aided by the unrestrained intercourse of all classes and nationalities, led, by slow degrees, to the exclusive use of the language of the rulers and the ruling race. These circumstances have given to New-York a purer English dialect than can be found in most places where the English language is spoken, while the few provincialisms that are mingled with it, by their peculiarities, clearly indicate the independent origin of the prevailing forms of speech. In like manner the prevailing customs and usages of the people were such as sprung up among themselves.

The colonists of New-Netherlandt and the immigrants to provincial New-York came to the banks of the Hudson, not to propagate a theory of government, nor to realize a scheme of ecclesiastical optimism. Most

of them came as individuals and heads of families, seeking for a quiet retreat from political oppression and religious persecution; and of course they were much more intent on enjoying the sweets of domestic tranquillity than on establishing a hierarchy, or founding a commonwealth. We accordingly find the early inhabitants of the province dwelling together as groups of families rather than as a closely-compacted community. Driven by oppression from the lands of their nativities, they had learned to love the home of their exile more than the places that gave them birth, and to cherish a fraternal interest in their companions in sorrow and consolation, and so unconsciously to assume their habits and manners. Still, there were differences enough to forbid a very close intimacy, so that each one was compelled to seek his chief enjoyments in his own household. Here lay the strength, and from this source originated that symmetry of character that is the honest boast of the genuine New-Yorker. At the same time, a community of wants and interests united these individuals in common feelings and efforts, and thus elicited an enlarged public spirit, and at length an exalted patriotism.

The practice of freely tolerating all Protestant sects of Christians was coeval with the history of the city and province of New-York. The planting of the colony was not originally a religious, but a commercial enterprise. The first settlers brought with them the prevailing religious notions of the Low Countries, not wholly excluding the intolerance that disgraces the ecclesiastical annals of Holland. But the merchants of Amsterdam were more careful as to their profits than for the maintenance of a forced orthodoxy; and as in their own city free toleration prevailed, so they determined it should be in New-Amsterdam, in America. Accordingly, here the persecuted non-conformists of almost every country of Europe sought and found an asylum, and 'freedom to worship God.' Here the Calvinist and the Lutheran sat down together and enjoyed equal privileges. Here the arrogant Episcopalian and the stubborn Presbyterian were compelled to refrain from annoying each other. Here Anabaptists and Quakers, left to enjoy their own fancies, ceased to be fanatical, and became rationally devout, and truly valuable members of society. Here too even the forlorn Israelite, despised and persecuted in all nations, was permitted to set up his synagogue, and to worship God according to the ancient faith and ritual of his people. While yet the population of the city amounted to less than ten thousand, there were ten different places of public worship, belonging to and occupied by an equal number of distinct sects, each having its own creed and formulary. By thus living together on terms of equality, the members of these discordant sects learned lessons of mutual forbearance, and by degrees substituted a genial charity for the violence of religious partisanship.

It is not to be concealed that during the entire colonial period of the history of New-York, the Romish faith was proscribed, and its worship disallowed.* Without attempting to defend this policy, let us hear their own apology. It was a matter of political rather than of religious policy.

* How so? The DUKE OF YORK, sole proprietor and arbiter of the province for some quarter of a century, was a zealous Papist, 'for which cause' he finally sacrificed the crown of England. Is it likely he would permit that faith to be proscribed in the colony which it was his 'heart's desire' to see established in the mother-country?

PROOF-READER.

The Church of Rome was a great and formidable political power, endeavoring, by all the machinations of its complicated but powerful agencies, to subvert every state and kingdom that would not yield to its demands. It was therefore in self-defence that the Protestant states of Europe arrayed themselves against the Papacy, and disallowed its emissaries, the priests, to dwell within their bounds. It was not, therefore, religious intolerance, but political vigilance, that shut the Papists out of New-York, until, under the influence of Protestant institutions, the political body became so thoroughly consolidated that it no longer had cause to fear the presence and power of those natural enemies of civil and religious liberty. Of the sufficiency of this apology the reader must judge.

During the greater part of that portion of the eighteenth century which preceded the war of the Revolution, New-York remained, for the most part, in a very quiet and secluded condition. No considerable accessions of immigrants occurred later than those already enumerated. The people dwelt quietly together in their habitations, and the population was augmented rather by the natural increase of families than by accessions from abroad. During the second quarter of that century, the increase of numbers was less than a hundred a year, or about one per cent. annually; a ratio less than the ordinary natural increase of families. For the ensuing twenty-five years the growth of population was much greater; but the accessions were chiefly from other portions of the province, and so brought no new elements into the social body. By the operation of these causes, the population of New-York, at the beginning of the revolutionary struggle, was almost exclusively made up of natives of the province, whose ancestors also, for several generations, had been residents of the country. Thus, though descended from a variety of the families of Europe, the people of New-York had become consolidated and assimilated, till the social body presented a very good degree of individuality of character and homogeneity of structure.

The people of New-York, while bearing the common features of the American character, have also certain specific traits of mind, that sufficiently distinguish them as a well-defined variety of the common genus. Though these characteristics are less prominent and obtrusive than those of the New-Englander, or the Virginian, or the Kentuckian, they are not less real or worthy of attention. The influences among which the crude elements of the social mass were fused into a consistent body, at the same time determined the future character. Those determining influences originated, for the most part, at the fire-side and in domestic life. Men who had come hither to escape the grasp of tyranny were satisfied to guard their own hearth-stones, to store their own garner, and to worship God 'under their own vine and fig-tree.' A community educated amidst such influences, and trained to such habits, must be at once the most loyal subjects of good government, and the most indomitable enemies to tyranny. This has ever been the case with the people of New-York. The most unlimited equality of social and religious privileges is cheerfully conceded to all, while any encroachments upon individual liberty are jealously detected and fearlessly withstood.

The tendency of such a condition of society is especially to develope

the individual. Each citizen is a peer of the realm; each household an inviolable stronghold of freedom. The opinions and sentiments, the pleasures and devotions of each individual are all his own, with which the government has no right nor power to interfere; and he fashions them according to his own convictions, tastes, or caprices. This individuality is thus made the predominating condition, to which public opinion and the dicta of church or state are made wholly secondary. The body politic and social is thus made to rest on the divine institution of the family, and the hearth-stone becomes the key-stone of the commonwealth; by which means the love of individual freedom is cherished, and every motive to invade the rights of others taken away.

It is granted that the same tendencies which so effectually develop the individual character, if carried too far, will render the man rough and discourteous. It would perhaps be claiming too much for the people of New-York to say that this result has not in any degree been realized among them. But from the beginning this influence has been checked and modified by another of a contrary tendency. New-York has always been a seat of commerce, and its population a mercantile people. Commercial relations are those of mutual dependence, which necessarily induce conciliatoriness, and tend even to cringing. Such a tendency is of course directly opposed to that sturdy independence which is the fundamental element of character among our people; a virtue whose excess may seem a fault. In itself that tendency is confessed to be an evil one, since it induces a sycophantic manner, and substitutes mercantile for moral considerations in the estimate of things. The influences of commerce are not friendly to a spirit of personal independence, and that true self-respect by which a man esteems himself none the worse because he wants the accidents of wealth. Gain is the primary object of the *mere* merchant's aspirations, to which every other consideration must be sacrificed. With such a person even liberty has its price, and the demands of morality and religion are less imperative than those of trade. These influences have no doubt somewhat affected the character of our people, in some instances, and even among large classes, tending to reduce men to mere money-changers, and devotees of Mammon; but, in their more general operations, counter-working the excessive tendency of society to a stern and uncourtly independence of character and manners. Probably neither individual liberty nor good morals could be maintained in a *purely* mercantile community; but the tendencies which, operating alone, would be thus ruinous, may become available for good in modifying opposite tendencies. These antagonistic influences have been called into efficient exercise among us, and by their conflict they have elicited a genuine independence of character, softened and subdued by social influences.

In scarcely any other of the American colonies were the interests of education so long and so generally neglected as in New-York. Founded and maintained for commercial purposes, New-Amsterdam, or New-York, was, during its whole colonial existence, very inadequately supplied with the facilities for public instruction. Of necessity the native-born children grew up without learning; and as, in the progress of things, almost the entire population became a native one, a wide-spread popular igno-

rance prevailed. This state of things, as might be presumed, did not fail to produce a degeneracy of the public morals and a degradation of the popular character. There was indeed always an educated class in the community, the salutary influence of whose presence may be easily recognized; but they were too far removed from the masses, as to both their associations and their sympathies, to exert any great influence over them. The state of learning, of manners, and of morals, were not what they should have been, during the whole colonial history of New-York. But these evils were not without their incidental benefits. For nearly three quarters of a century the little communities on the Hudson were left to consolidate their heterogeneous materials of thoughts and ideas, as well as of persons, in a state of almost complete isolation. Very few and scanty contributions to their intellectual stores were derived from foreign sources. A third generation since the last general immigration was born and reared among the homely scenes and home-born influences of these isolated settlements, and of course the whole community became consolidated into a proper unity of ideas and sentiments, action and character. While thus separated from both the social and intellectual influences of other people, the crude elements of our native population, by its internal fermentations, gave being to the New-York character. That character, enlightened and educated, is the same that is now the honest pride of the genuine KNICKERBOCKER.

Writers on America and the Americans have especially distinguished two great classes of our population, the Puritanic and the Cavalier, or the New-Englanders and the Virginians; and some have vainly attempted to reduce the whole American people to these two classes. Nor is it wonderful that superficial observers should recognize these and overlook all others. The real individuality of these characters is manifest; they are also numerous bodies and have a traditional celebrity, and the features that distinguish them are prominent and well defined. Their very deformities render them more easy to be recognized, and their want of symmetry gives a distinctiveness to their individuality. It is not strange, therefore, that the Puritan and the Cavalier are recognized by some who fail to perceive or to identify the Knickerbocker. But a more careful and discriminating observation would not fail to discover that the inhabitants of the Empire City are not a mere mongrel race, without individuality of character and proper distinctive social traits. Though less sharply defined than some others, and too symmetrically formed to be distinguished by some prominent feature of character, as well as without the prestige of ancestral fame, the New-York character is not only a specific reality, but also, as such, it is marked by characteristics of which none need be ashamed.

Between the New-Englander and the New-Yorker—the Yankee and the Knickerbocker—there are clearly-marked differences of character, arising, doubtless, from facts and circumstances connected with the colonial history of each people. New-England was settled by organized bodies; New-York by individuals. Community of religious opinions and observances was the bond of union among the Puritan colonists; so that opinion was legalized, and dissent or non-conformity became an offence. Thus individual opinion was merged into associated opinion,

and the man appeared as a member of the associated body rather than as a complete and responsible individuality. How entirely different was the state of things in colonial New-York has been already shown, in connection with the natural results of those influences. The effects of these original differences are now rendered imperishable by being incorporated into the provincialist traits of character. In New-England the consolidation of society has to a great degree destroyed proper individuality and independence of character, while in New-York the social mass is but an aggregation of persons, each complete in his own individual integrity.

The same causes have given form to the intellectual character of the two sub-nationalities. New-England enjoyed great intellectual advantages over her western neighbors from the beginning of her existence; nor has the rapid progress of the latter, during the present century, sufficed to overcome their relative disadvantages. The inhabitants of New-England are still a more learned people than those of New-York. But there is a plain difference between *learning* and *education*; and while we concede a superiority as to the former to our eastern neighbors, we question their title to even equality as to the latter. An accumulation of facts and ideas may be made under the restraints of an artificial discipline, and with a stinted mental developement; but that education which justly forms the character, requires that the mind shall be free in its exercises, and unconstrained in its processes and determinations. The tyranny of conventionalism has unquestionably operated unfavorably upon the New-England character, as compared with the breadth and freedom that distinguish that of the New-Yorker.

The character of the Virginian differs still more widely from that of the New-Yorker. The name by which that character is designated — Cavalier — sufficiently describes him. He is brave, haughty, and reckless. Such a character can be maintained only in an artificial and constrained state of society; and where it is found, it must belong, not to the whole community, but only to a privileged class. Persons thus circumstantially elevated may be compelled to a kind of self-respect by their condition; but self-respect thus caused is not genuine. It is not in view of his own manhood that such an one is led to abhor whatever is low or base, but only in respect to his circumstances. Strip him of these accidents, of family and kindred, of wealth and position, and the Cavalier is fallen. This habitual reliance on accidents is greatly unfriendly to individual developement and personal elevation. These statements, as to both the facts and the theory of the case, are abundantly attested by the desolation that broods over the once fertile fields of the Old Dominion, as compared with the ever-increasing fertility of the Empire State; and especially by the diminutiveness and dilapidation of the chief sea-port town of the former, compared with the thrift and progress of that of the latter.

The Virginian attains his social position and maintains his character by means of his circumstances: the New-Yorker accomplishes the same end by his own inherent energies, and, if necessary, *in spite* of his circumstances. Though favored by none of the accidents of life, he asserts his own manhood, and asks no other title to respectability, nor will he

permit any man to become his patron. Respecting himself as a man, he cannot be mean, though he may be poor; and recognizing the same manhood in others, he cannot be arrogant, however far above them in merely external things.

Such are the people of New-York, the denizens of the Empire City and of the Empire State. They compose an illustrious sub-species of the great American family, instinct with energy, and gifted with an almost unlimited spirit of enterprise, and endowed with the most exalted attributes of humanity. A native race, derived from no ancestral prototype, and copying servilely no exemplar, they must attain to a more glorious destiny than has yet been achieved among mankind. The name assumed and conceded by common consent shall be abundantly justified alike in the *matériel* and the *personnel* of the Empire City. This native energy of the New-York character also displays itself in its power to assimilate other forms to itself. From whatever point the denizen of that city may have come, a residence in New-York surely and speedily makes him a NEW-YORKER. The eastern, the southern, the western man soon loses his peculiarities, and becomes like his neighbors. The plastic Hibernian forgets that he is an exile; and even the implastic Teutons insensibly yield to the impalpable but irresistible influences that surround them. Thus are our immigrant denizens transformed, in character as well as in political rights, into genuine Americans, and New-York energy acts as a solvent to fuse the motley masses that Europe is pouring upon our shores into a consistent body of valuable and happy freemen.

T H E E A R L Y L O S T .

BY J. CLEMENT.

MANY are the friends we cherished
Long ago, that sweetly grew
By our side, but early perished,
Fading like the flowers from view;
Friends who by the wayside perished,
Frail as flowers, as lovely too.

As the morning star, that sprinkles
Argents in the face of dawn,
In the twilight fainter twinkles,
And is hastily withdrawn,
Oft some loved one, rising, twinkles,
And with morn's full blush is gone!

Thus have fled the pure and gifted,
Doting parents' hope and boast;
Off their mortal robes they shifted,
When was prized their music most;
Off their robes in haste they shifted,
Beckoned by the choiring host.

Buffalo, April, 1852.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

BY M. W.

I SAT lonely, in the twilight,
 Dreaming o'er the mystic page,
 Where the Song of Songs is written
 By King SOLOMON the sage.

SOLOMON, of whom Tradition
 Tells the East her marvels still:
 How he was the great magician,
 And the demons did his will.

Even now the Arab's tent-fire
 Sinks and wavers, gently fanned,
 For the trail of royal garments
 Sweeps, at midnight, o'er the sand.

It befell, while I was reading,
 That the page, before mine eyes,
 Vanished, like a mist receding,
 And I saw a landscape rise.

Through the haze of language olden,
 Where the dust of ages floats,
 Flashed the Poet's spirit, golden
 As a sun-beam through its motes.

I beheld the lost Jerusalem
 In its glory, as of old,
 And the Temple in the moon-light,
 With its pinnacles of gold.

While the sleepless monarch, turning
 On his bed, a soul possessed,
 Battled with a quenchless yearning
 And the demons of unrest:

With the weariness of station,
 Piling up its gorgeous weight;
 With his kingly isolation,
 Lonely on the heights of state.

Then he slept; and to his slumbers
 Passed the angels good and ill,
 Stole the dream that woke those numbers
 Which, for ages, breathe and thrill.

'T was a dream: whence come I knew not,
 From below or from above;
 But it whispered to Ben DAVID
 Visions marvellous — of Love.

For it told of pure affection,
Maiden freshness, manly truth,
Till the sleeper's recollection
Wandered backward to his youth.

Thus it is, that thoughts so tender
Through his numbers faintly gleam,
Lost amid barbaric splendor,
Incoherent as a dream.

HOURS IN A NEW-ENGLAND LIBRARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PEN-AND-INK SRETCHES'

CHARLES LAMB, in one of his fascinating essays, says : ' I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading ; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.'

I am, just at this moment, much inclined to dream away an hour or two in others' speculations also. It is a dark, stormy evening without ; the driving, dashing rain patters against the windows, and the wind makes mournful music among the elm-boughs without. But within, all is light and peace. The ruddy blaze leaps up, and golden vistas, and glittering caverns, and fiery dragons gleam in the glowing coals. On the table stands one of those green-shaded lamps which studious men love, and all around us are books.

Books from the floor to the ceiling ; books on shelves over doors ; books in niches ; books on the Oxford reading-table ; books on the bureau-cover ; books on the sofa ; books on the floor, and heaped up confusedly in corners ; books on the mantel-piece ; books, indeed, wherever one can be conveniently or inconveniently put. Next the floor are stately old folios, some in ancient veritable boards, with huge ridges on their broad backs, brazen hasps on their covers, and some rare ones, to which are attached links of the broken chain which once confined them to the shelves of some suspicious old library. Over these are the quartos ; then comes a row of octavos ; and the higher we go the less bulky are the tomes. But whether they be big or little, thick or thin, ancient or modern, we, like Southey, hail them as ' never-failing friends,' and claim boon companionship with each and all.

How luxurious ! A quiet evening, a heart at peace with all the world, and for our companions the embodied thoughts of the great and wise of all times. As I sit in my easy chair, I can, by my ' so potent power,' summon around me a glorious company of immortals, and become in a certain sense a necromancer, since, in their works, I hold converse with and take counsel of the dead. Pleasantest of superstitions this ! Surrounded by books, I ask for no other associates ; even the presence of the

dearest friend just now would be an intrusion on my voiceful yet speechless solitude.

The library in which I now sit is just such an one as I am sure Elia would have rejoiced to be imprisoned in. It belongs to one whose eyes twinkle at the sight of black-letter, and who regards with reverence a 'scarce copy.' An Elzvir to him is a more excellent thing than the gaudiest gilded thing that ever issued from fashionable publisher's shelf. Yet hath he a love, too, for choice modern literature; and dainty poetry delighteth him. I mean not so much Tennysonian jingle as the solid stuff of such as Dryden, and Ben Jonson, and Marlowe, and such like true poets, men whose sterling literary coin had the ring as well as the shine. Well, such a library as such a book-lover could collect with infinite pains is, during a life-time, a *pro tempore* mine, and it is just such an one to enjoy; for, although national collections of books are invaluable, one cannot be said to luxuriate in them as we do in a snug, well-assorted chamber of learning. For my part, I never could read to advantage in big halls lined with learning. A Brobdignagian Bodleian is well enough to sit and quote in; but for enjoyability commend me to a silent snuggerly like this.

So wrapped up am I in 'measureless content,' that I fancy, if the cricket chirping on the hearth were to become a visible fairy, and offer me a crown, I do not think I would accept the offer. I do not sigh for greatness of that kind, but kings *have* sighed for learned repose. Stay: here in this splendid fourth edition of Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' which I handle lovingly, we read that 'King James, in 1605, when he came to see our University of Oxford, and, amongst other *Ædifices*, now went to view that famous library, renewed by Sir Thomas Bodley, in imitation of Alexander, at his departure brake out into that noble speech: 'If I were not a King, I could be an University man; and if it were so that I was a prisoner, if I might have my wish, I would desire to have no other prison than that library, and to be chained together with so many good authors.' Had his Majesty been blessed with such company, he would have fared far better than among the courtiers who surrounded him.

The library I am now pleasantly prisoned in belongs to one of our New-England clergymen, and therefore, as may be expected, it is peculiarly rich in works on theology. But these do not crowd out history, or biography, or science, or learning indeed of any sort. As I sit, I see, or seem to see, looking out from the backs of the books, the spirits of Shakspeare, Cervantes, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Bunyan, De Foe, and hosts of other bookmen. As the fire flashes now and then, the books seem endued with vitality, and, with eyes half closed and dreaming, I regard them as actual living things, as brains Pythagorized into books.

And how strange it is to observe the company in which some of these books find themselves! Just opposite is Hannah More cheek-by-jowl with Albert Smith's 'Ballet Girl;' and Mrs. Opie is as close as close can be to the same sprightly author's 'Gent.' Lord Byron is leaning familiarly on Southey, apparently enjoying his 'Table-Talk;' and Jeremy Taylor, in a falling position, is supported by an original Joe

Miller. The author of 'Paradise Lost' has got close to Robert Montgomery's 'Satan'; and Henry Smith, the silver-tongued preacher of Elizabeth's time, is nearly crushed by 'Five Hundred Skeletons of Sermons' and twenty-three bulky 'Pulpits.' The fiercest polemics and the meekest Christians, lamb-and-lion-like, stand harmoniously on one shelf; reviewers and victims placidly survey each other from opposite corners; High Churchmen and Low Churchmen join in goodly rows; Bonner and Cranmer dwell together in unity; William Penn and Napoleon Bonaparte are almost arm-in-arm; Cromwell and Charles are at peace; and Lord Chief Justice Jefferies seems greatly to enjoy the society of his many victims. Here kings meet their subjects without etiquette, and Alfred the Great and Bamfylde Moore Carew tell each other their widely different stories; Nelson and Fighting Fitzgerald fight their battles o'er again; and GEORGE WASHINGTON, in close contiguity to George the Third, appears to be on the best of terms with that stubborn old gentleman.

I have, almost at random, selected a book which lies within my arm's reach; and lo! here are some thoughts about books, which, had I read them before, would have saved me from the above speculations. And by whom is this following written? Why, by none other than the owner of this very library. Hear what he says, and if you do not admire its book-loving spirit, I pray you proceed no farther in my company. 'I never,' writes my friend, 'enter a library without a feeling of reverence for the company in which I am placed. I regard a volume as the very spirit of its author, the actual being of the man who thought it, wrote it, left it, and sent it forth for all its purposes of might and mercy.' And again: 'What strange reflections rush upon the mind of a thinking man when he gazes upon the shelves of a richly-stored library! For instance, what queer juxtaposition will authors find upon tables and shelves! Men who in life were sadly hostile and divided in judgment and affection, here sit down side by side. The lion and the lamb, the vulture and the dove, keep quiet company. I am now gazing upon Featley's 'Dippers Dipt' and Paget's 'Heresiography' on a table, while directly over them I see Keach and Kiffin, Tombs and the venerable Jesse. These men wrote and controverted for all coming ages; and yet, no doubt, they are all happy and united in fraternal love in that heaven where the spirits of just men made perfect are delivered from error, prejudice, and rancor. There, on that shelf, is that glorious folio, 'Reliquiæ Baxterianæ,' and a few niches off, the 'Bloody Assizes' and the life of that arrant scoundrel, George, Lord Jefferies, the supple tool of all the cruelties of James the Second. Lloyd's 'Worthies of Charles the First's Reign' are cheek-by-jowl with Lord Nugent's capital 'Life of John Hampden' and Foster's 'Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth.' Then some books seem to get together by the principle of elective affinity. Dr. Chalmers' works will keep close by Andrew Fuller, and Jay's Sermons will be found very near to old Jeremiah Burroughs.'

Mark, gentle reader, how delicate, yet how sharp, is the satire in this presumed companionship of Chalmers and Fuller, and Jay and Burroughs; for students well enough know that the Scotch divine was not a

little indebted for some of his best things to the sturdy Baptist, and that Burroughs' works form, in many instances, the staple of William Jay's discourses.

Go into public or private libraries, reader, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you will find a large proportion of learned rubbish. Such is not the case here. Of such literary lumber *this* library is swept and garnished. Let me, Jack-Horner-like, select a few 'plums.'

Here is a treasure-house of sweets, a mine all sparkling with precious stones; and yet homely-enough-looking is the casket which enshrines the gems, like the rough jerkin which frequently covers a noble heart. It is the bulky tome of Adams, who was at once the philosopher, poet, and orator of the Church. Take William Shakspeare, Jeremy Taylor, and Robert Hall, string their separate beauties, pearl-like, on a golden thread, and then you will have something like a conception of the glowing style of Thomas Adams.

Another ancient volume attracts our itching fingers. Not long had the printing-press been at work in the old times when these black-letter pages first came into the world, bearing their treasures with them. A noble specimen of ancient typography this: broad margins, solid-looking columns, and red initial letters. Hundreds of years have passed since the rude press stamped these almost immortal characters, yet they are sharp and black as though they had been 'pulled' but yesterday. On the margins are other characters, brown and rusty, but legible enough. Here and there certain portions of the text are under-scored, and brief annotations are placed opposite. In whose writing are these marginal references? No other hand than that of Philip Melancthon rested on these pages, and no other face than his bent over them. I almost fancy that 'meek and mild' Reformer's spirit is near me as I touch the very paper which once he touched. Verily, there is a charm, a species of papyro-magnetism, in sheets which the hand of genius and piety has consecrated by physical contact!

I know well enough that I am coveting my neighbor's goods; but I feel strongly inclined to lay my appropriative 'claws' on certain thin volumes which occupy a certain corner of this library. Were I to filch Mrs. Hutchinson's trial because of its scarcity, I fear me that the literary larceny would end in a trial in which I should take a leading part. The abstraction of any of these exceedingly rare volumes of Early Histories of the New-England States might consign me to the State's prison, and the fact of their having been a churchman's property might possibly deprive me of the benefit of clergy. No; I will be content to look and long, and thank my stars that I have profited by these famous lines, whose author is, I regret to say, unknown. Would that all others beside myself were influenced by his 'utterances:'

'STEAL not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the gallows should be your end,
And when yonder the LORD will say:
'Where's the book you stole away?''

Less attractive in externals are the russet volumes before which I now stand, than many of their modern neighbors who flaunt in all the glories

of scarlet, and green, and gold; but oh! what mines of untold wealth lie between the covers of these curious little quartos and duodecimos! How quaintly seductive are the old-fashioned title-pages; how enticing the type; how beautiful to a schoolman's eye the rude wood-cuts which seem to have been hacked, not cut, out of the wood; how astonishingly delightful the copper 'effigies.' As I gaze on each and all, I am no longer a dweller in this book-multiplication age; but by a miracle time has rolled back, and, wrapped in a sad-colored cloak, topped with a steeple-crowned hat, and adorned with ruffles, I am standing at the window of old John Dunton, whose shop in the 'Poultry' bears the sign of the Black Raven, gazing at his 'Bloody Assizes' just out, and eyeing critically the portraits of martyrs prefixed to that singular production, who, we are told by an inscription beneath, 'all dyed in faith.' I ramble, too, about 'Sainte Powle's' church-yard, and drop into the 'Sun and Bible,' or 'The Guune,' in Fleet-street, or 'The Angel;' for in those times signs were not peculiar to hosteleries. But this day-dream would seduce me too far from my more immediate subject; so I would fain return to this nook of the study where, as elder brethren of literature, Puritan Fathers, Non-conformists, old travellers, theologians, and history-writers, stand gravely side by side.

Talk of modern illustrated works! Why, looking on some superb elephant folios which quietly repose on this Oxford table, I imagine that we have not made so great a progress in book-decoration as some would have us believe. Here is 'Bath,' a series of views of the city of Bladud and Beau Nash, by Nattes; and of other parts of England, by Smirke and Louthembourg, which are perfect of their kind. They are colored with the greatest care, and are equal to the original water-color drawings. And here, too, is that costly work, a work which could only have been produced under governmental patronage as this was: 'An Illustrated Record of the Important Events of the Annals of Europe.' I question if such another copy as the one before me can be found in all America. Only by a rare chance came it into the possession of its present owner: a duplicate of it will be vainly sought for, save in noble and great public libraries; and even when found in such, it forms a feature.

I now open a splendid imperial quarto edition of the Life of Nelson, profusely illustrated by some enthusiastic collector, with all relating to the great English Admiral. A thousand sources must have been ransacked, a thousand books mutilated, in order to contribute plates of persons and places to this precious collection. It must have been the labor of a life as well as a labor of love, the illustrating of this volume, which is absolutely *unique*.

Magnificent is this copy of Barrington's Memoirs, a presentation-copy from Sir Jonah; and almost perfect the Cromwellian collection. This latter assemblage of all relating to the great Protector is the most perfect, perhaps, extant; a pretty sure indication that the collector is a bit of a hero-worshipper, a thick-and-thin admirer of England's greatest man. Well, so too am I; and therefore I am not unfrequently in this peculiar portion of the library.

But if I go on, I shall write a catalogue, and pen a panegyric, instead

of gossiping in a desultory way about books in general, with which intention I set out. Yet must I not omit to glance at the works of Bishop Brownrigg, Frank, Donne, Hooker, Jackson, Bull, Reynolds, Clerk, Taylor, and of Perkins, Robert Harris, Ball, Baxter, Howe, Flavel, Owen, Caryl, and cropped-eared Prynne. Nor can I refrain from peeping into certain cases containing precious autographs, and glancing with candle over-head, connoisseur fashion, at the choice paintings which adorn the bits of space on the walls.

Of these, there is one by Franke, a 'St. John Preaching in the Wilderness,' a bit of exquisite coloring; a cabinet head of Shakspeare, an undoubted copy of Vandyke. This precious gem of art lay for one hundred and sixty years in the family of one of the early New-England settlers, and was presented by a descendant to the owner. Many a tempting offer has been made him for this effigy of the great bard by the great painter; but he is a collector of such matters for love, not lucre, so he quietly listens to all proposals, and negatives them with an appreciative smile.

Here is a veritable Teniers, a Sister of Charity, and near it a dead CHRIST and the two Marys, after Vandyke. It is a picture of great beauty; and in all probability, the picture is only second in age to the original.

There are other copies, and good ones, too, of some of Rubens's finest pictures at Antwerp. I never saw the originals, but these are so fine that I am considerably less anxious to stand before the identical canvas of the renowned artist than I was before the fac-similes met my eye. Modern art, too, is represented here, for some capital paintings by Wall adorn the apartment.

Twelve o'clock, as I live! The fire has sunk in the grate, and my 'midnight oil' is nearly expended. Fainter grow the forms of the folios: as for the duodecimos, they are lost in the gloom near the ceiling. The pictures are shadowy, and the mournful cadence of the not far distant sea falls like lulling music on my ear. 'To bed, to bed!' as Lady Macbeth (I believe) says; but not before one more loving look at my book-friends: and friends indeed have they been to me during the last three months, for on that table have I written two works of a totally opposite character, and have found at my elbow every work of reference for the purposes of both that I required. I had not occasion to quit the room once for information on any topic; and that, I take it, is the very best compliment that can be paid to a well-selected and admirably-arranged library.

'And where,' perhaps the reader may ask, 'is this learned snuggerly of which you have been so long discoursing?' Gentle reader, in a certain town of a certain state, there is an old mysterious ruin, celebrated by Cooper and Longfellow. Stand by that 'mill' of controversy and cast a stone in a south-westerly direction; if vigorously slung, you may perchance break one of the windows of that library. More I say not.

A rap at the study-door — not a spiritual one, though, for a face and a pair of spectacles are visible: 'What, not yet in bed?' asks a well-known voice.

'I'm going, Doctor ———.' And so good night, reader.

J. R. D

T H E P E A S A N T ' S S O N G O F S U M M E R .

Now tripping along through morning dew,
Blithe SUMMER comes with a rosy hue ;
To greet her, the hills their voices raise,
And the woodland songsters hymn her praise.

Like her sister SPRING when lastly seen,
She's drest in a vernal robe of green ;
And her flowing skirt that Nature weaves
Is broidered o'er with flowers and leaves.

On her head a fragrant wreath she wears,
And her hand a horn of plenty bears ;
Nature's peerless queen ! with regal pride
She scatters her blessings far and wide.

She passes on with an air of grace,
And roses blush on her bonnie face ;
She smiles on fields, and they greener grow ;
She breathes on flowers, and they brighter glow.

Her reign is sweet, yet anon so wild,
That she's wanton as a playful child ;
She unbinds the winds that howling sweep,
And lash the waves of the surging deep.

Oh ! she tears the misty veil away
From the mountain's brow where lambkins play ;
And the tainted air she purifies
With her flashing lightning from the skies.

She gives her scents to the passing breeze,
And ripens the fruit on bending trees ;
She points to the fields of golden grain,
Which tell that labor is not in vain.

Where the humming bees in blooming dells
Sweet honey sip for their waxen cells,
The sun may scorch, but she nightly showers
Her gentle dews on the drooping flowers.

Where the peasants mow on yonder lea,
There are mingled sounds of social glee ;
They laugh and sing, and they toil away,
And of withered grass make russet hay :

While sets the sun in an opal sky,
Away to their cottage homes they hie,
And the smiles of Peace aye meet them there,
And the day is closed with grateful prayer.

I love the fields, and to Nature's shrine
My heart still clings like a clasping vine ;
With bliss so pure, and with joys so rife,
Oh ! give me the peasant's happy life !

New-York, June 1st, 1852.

JAMES LINEN

A TRIP TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

BY 'VIATOR.'

THE RAIL-ROAD.

THE rail-road from Baltimore dropped us at Harper's Ferry, that place so long noted in school-geographies as 'presenting, in the passage of the Potomac and Shenandoah through the Blue Ridge, one of the most sublime spectacles to be seen any where, and thought by Mr. Jefferson to be worthy a trip across the ocean to behold.' Once upon a time I happened to be travelling with a friend in a buggy-wagon, in the neighborhood of Shepardstown, in Maryland, and we rode ten miles out of our way to look at this celebrated place. For four hours we patiently jolted over the passage through the woods dignified by the name of a road, although encumbered with logs, stumps, boulders, and mud-holes, to an extent I have never seen equalled. After we had seen all that was to be seen, and succeeded in getting back with no wheels or bones broken, we turned to Jefferson's Notes, and, having compared notes, came to the conclusion that his description and theory were correct, but his ideas of the sublime were rather over-drawn; that it was worth a ride on horseback, but not in a buggy over such a road, certainly not worth a trip across the ocean, even in a steamer.

And now thousands of passengers come and go every day, and think more of the tough beef and insipid ice-cream in the noisy eating-saloon, than all the geological wonders! Even the natives do not seem disposed to set much value on this attraction of the place. Great was our chagrin, on the occasion alluded to, when, on asking the landlord which was the best way to see the objects of interest, he pointed to the road leading to the arsenal. We told him we wished to look upon the works of nature, not upon those of art.

'Oh!' said he; 'wal, thar 's a right smart view from the top of that rock!'

Since Mr. Jefferson wrote, other points in his native state have been discovered, the scenery of which is quite as interesting to the geologist and the lover of the picturesque.

We thought, at that time, that Uncle Sam would soon have muskets enough on hand to suspend operations for a while; but the increase of buildings, the dense cloud of smoke, and the clink of hammers show that, whether in peace or war, they are constantly at work in forging those instruments of death.

But, to return to our party. Within one hour after our arrival at the ferry we were seated in the Winchester cars, which were full of people bound to the springs: an old lady, full of life and bustle, and her lackadaisical-looking daughter, very pale and delicate, who was seated by the side of a very pretty colored maid, evidently a pet slave; a judge

of a Maryland court, with a pleasant smile and a ruddiness of aspect strikingly in contrast with that of the rheumatic son who accompanied him ; a stout, quiet, well-to-do-looking gentleman of about fifty, with a young wife, two daughters, (one a young lady, the other not yet in her teens,) and a son : they looked like Northerners, and seemed to think we did, by the way they stole glances at us. I saw the trunks, and found they were the Rivermans of Philadelphia. At Charleston, which is a station within five miles of Shannondale Springs, a gentleman about fifty years of age entered the cars, with short sandy whiskers, brushed with great care, speckled white neck-kerchief tied with scrupulous exactness, white hat, yellow teeth and yellow gloves : made up our minds that he was an old bachelor, with dyspepsia. At Jourdon's White Sulphur, two young gentlemen got in, arrayed in summer suits of the most fashionable cut : the elder was addressed as Williams, the younger one as Sydney. They rattled away at a great rate with some acquaintances who got out here. Williams said it was devilish dull at Jourdon's, they were going to try Capon ; whereupon the old lady with the delicate daughter inquired whether he had heard about the prospect of being accommodated at Capon's, an inquiry which was answered with great volubility by Mr. Williams, who, all the time, kept casting sheep's eyes toward the daughter or the maid — could n't tell which. His answer was not very encouraging, he having heard there was a slim chance for single gentlemen, to say nothing of ladies. The man in the white hat came to the relief of Mrs. Cushing, as we heard her called, by stating that a large party had left Capon's the night before, whose rooms they could probably procure ; and, before we reached Winchester, quite a sociable party they made : Mrs. Cushing, Miss C., the Judge, Messrs. Williams and Sydney, and the man in the white hat whom no body called by name.

Jourdon's is said to be something like the Greenbrier, or 'far White Sulphur,' as the Virginians call it. A man who was apparently used up by gout or rheumatism got out here, with the assistance of a stout black servant, who, having in some way incurred his displeasure, was berated with some oaths and an assault, but not a battery ; for the rheumatic raised his long cane with great vehemence, but Sambo dodged, the cane came down to the ground, and the holder, not being very strong on his pins, came down with it. As the cars rolled away, we could see that the black had come to his master's aid, and was lifting him to the stage ; whereupon Mr. Williams remarked that men who are void of understanding should n't assail the understanding of others, which Miss Cushing seemed to think very funny.

When at three o'clock we had traversed the thirty miles, and arrived at Taylor's Hotel in Winchester, (which is a capital house, the best we met with,) Mrs. Cushing was put into a fidget by the announcement that, if they went on to Capon's, they would probably have to sleep on the parlor-floor for one or two nights. What should she do ? She first asked the Judge, then the landlord, and then the by-standers in the ladies' parlor ; but, on suggesting to the daughter, who was listlessly lounging on the sofa, that she thought they could camp down one night and have the first chance in the morning, that young lady drawled out, 'Why, ma-a !' in such a deprecatory tone as at once to hush up all farther talk

on the matter; Mrs. Cushing remarking aside to us that she hated to worry the poor thing, her dyspepsia made her so nervous, but she hoped a careful diet and the spring-waters would soon restore her; and the colored maid was forthwith dispatched to see that a dish of boiled rice was prepared for a sick lady. All went in to dinner. The boiled rice was placed before the invalid, and aided in its digestion by hot corn-cakes full of melted butter, followed by two ears of boiled corn, which Mrs. C. was sure could n't do her any harm. A slice of juicy ham, some breast of chicken, 'just a little taste of that venison,' some apple-pie, and a tumbler of milk, a slice of sponge-cake, and a custard, went down to help the rice and the corn. The lady's nerves being thus fortified, Mr. Williams ventured to renew the discarded topic: told of the pleasant stage-ride they should have to Capon's, the dust being all laid; and how he had no doubt he could induce some bachelor-friend to surrender his room for a time to the ladies; and how there was to be a ball there on the next evening, which the ladies would enjoy; and how dull it would be here. Miss C. said she did n't care for the ball, but to oblige ma-a she would go. So, at five o'clock, a stage-coach was crammed, and drove off: the old lady, the Judge and his sick son on the back seat, Mr. Williams, Miss Cushing and Sydney on the middle; and the old bachelor in the white hat, with three or four others, stowed away on the front seat and the box. A number of other stages on the night-line to Staunton successively departed, with enormous piles of baggage, and carrying with them a majority of the passengers by the rail-road, leaving the Philadelphians and ourselves comparatively alone. We soon scraped an acquaintance, and, finding that they were also bound for the 'far springs,' we agreed to take an extra, and make a two days' journey of what is ordinarily accomplished in one, but a very fatiguing one, by the regular stages, 'to Staunton ninety-six miles,' as the guide-board hath it.

II.

THE STAGE TO STAUNTON.

At eight o'clock we were off, a party of seven, beside Mr. Riverman's eight-year-old daughter, and our three-year-old boy, with his nurse; just a good load for a stage in such a country. The sky was overcast enough to prevent our suffering from the heat, and the dust well laid on the excellent road, albeit the long hills gave us sensibly to understand that we were in a mountain district. There is nothing in Irving's or Dickens's sketches that has made a more vivid impression on my mind than stage-coach experience, and I was glad I visited England when there were yet some stage-routes left on the great lines of travel. I can never forget the smooth roads, lined with hedges, the talk of outside passengers, and the explanations, so willingly given by the coachman, of all objects of interest on the road-side, and the regret with which we always received the announcement, 'I leave here,' as he gathered the ribbons in one hand, and cracking his whip with the other, drove rapidly up to the inn, and, throwing the reins to the groom, turned around to receive the shilling with which you are expected to part when you part with him; a custom, by the by, which has its good effects in insuring

civility, but wears prodigiously on the vest-pockets, and keeps one in a constant fever to get small change. The tired horses are unhitched, and saunter along with downcast heads to the stable, whence a groom in corduroy-shorts leads forth the fresh team, all brisk of step and glossy of skin, with curry-combing and rubbing down. Meantime sundry bundles and other luggage are taken down by the guard, and some of the outsiders regale themselves with ale, for which the little girl demands 'Tuppence, please, Sir.' Then ascends the new driver, who, standing in his place, elevates the reins with both hands and gives a low whistle, whereat we are off at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. It is very pleasant.

Then there is the French diligence: a clumsy-looking machine, described by Cooper as a coach with a half coach in front and another half coach behind; five and sometimes seven horses, of the most shaggy and forlorn aspect, three of them abreast, all fastened to the vehicle with ropes, and one of them ridden by a postilion with huge jack-boots coming up to his hips, incessantly cracking his whip, hallooing to the animals, who travel for five miles in a constant canter, except when they come to a long hill, where they are assisted up by a yoke of oxen. One travels fast, very fast, and finds the diligence very comfortable, especially the front part, or *coupée*. You arrive at a village: a flock of men in blue frocks and women with dirty caps crowd around, and there is an incessant chatter between them, the postilion and the guard; the women often acting as ostlers. I would not advise you to try the sour wine, unless for the sake of hearing the sweet tone of voice in which all the ugliest and coarsest French women say, '*Merci, Monsieur.*'

But I have been wandering from my subject. We are in an American stage, and change horses about every ten miles; sometimes, however, driving them fifteen, and then taking others left by the down stage, an hour or two before; for, at this season, when the travel is so great, 'we have to be rather hard upon the stock,' says the driver. He is not, generally speaking, the neat, well-to-do-looking personage that you see personified in the senior Mr. Weller, but is, in the summer, half the time a picked-up idler, who has been driven to driving for the want of something else to do, and is only employed during the few weeks of the busy season. The regulars, who drive all the year round on the route to Guyandotte, are some of them old hands at the business, and make a ride on the box the more agreeable for the information they give you about the country, which the temporaries do not possess; but most of the drivers are very taciturn and unprepossessing, with rather a fondness for whiskey. They lead a hard life: driving night and day over these desolate mountain roads, and frequently with empty stages, (return extras,) no society but their horses and their tobacco, of which they chew enormous quantities, and which one of them told us supplied him with conversation and thought. They have more or less the care of their horses when off the box as well as when on, so that they have plenty to do.

There are only two outside seats; the steepness of the hills making an upper deck too top-heavy to be safe. It is a very slow coach. What with long hills, and tired teams, and over-loading, they seldom make more than four miles an hour.

When it is considered that we were eight hours, on the first day, in

travelling thirty-six miles to Pittman's, a farm-house on the north fork of the Shenandoah, and that we passed through no places of any consequence, you may imagine that there cannot be much pleasure in such progression. But you are mistaken. It is very dull work unless you have good company, or large internal resources; and we had the first. Indeed, if you put six or seven people together in a coach, and give them thorough jolting, you are pretty sure to find out of what stuff they are made. If there is any wit in them, it is sure to come out. Of course the weather formed the first topic, and the prevalence of long periods of drought and rain, such as those which had prevailed of late, in mountainous regions. Next, the road: a state work, said to be better than any other in the Old Dominion. This led us to notice the backwardness of the state, heretofore, about internal improvements; but the new constitution promises better things. A rail-road is being built from Staunton, to connect with the one at Charlottesville; and in another year it will be completed, except the tunnel through the Blue Ridge. So, reader, when next you go to the springs, proceed by way of Washington and Acqua Creek. Mr. Riverman soon made it evident that he was a thorough business man, and knew all about canals and rail-roads, especially those which carry coal. We agreed that the James River Canal ought to pay, but somehow it didn't; that the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, though a grand work, would never earn a cent of interest for its stock-holders, but might cheapen coal: yet could never give benefits proportionate to its actual cost, and the embarrassment into which it had plunged the State of Maryland, and the District cities; that coal-stock was a very unsafe article to hold, especially when the companies had high-sounding names and large nominal capitals, with plausible gentlemen acting as presidents, and urging off the stock. He said that the anthracite of Pennsylvania was the best to make iron with; that the Cumberland did very well for blacksmiths; but the cannel coal, which would one of these days be brought to market from some out-of-the-way place in Virginia, would supersede all others for family use. We concluded that this state would hereafter produce something else beside Presidents and politicians; her men of talent having all devoted themselves to public affairs, to the neglect of private interests, whereas, at the North, the energies and talents of able men had, of necessity, been more displayed in other channels. Then we discoursed upon the factitious reputation an ordinary man will often acquire, from one or two good hits as a member of a legislative body; while thousands of men, every way superior in eloquence, learning, and statesmanship, are unknown out of their own district, or out of the law-reports, where indeed they erect for themselves monuments more enduring. We examined the guide-books. 'Burke's New Guide' is very good for details; but a little compilation, published at Staunton, gives all essential information. Then the ladies began to speculate on the kind of dresses proper for the springs; and Mrs. Riverman made up her mind that she had made a mistake in not bringing more shawls, when she observed how many Mrs. Viator, who had been this way before, had provided herself with, for the cool nights. The styles of mantillas and flounces, and the comparative merits of Philadelphia and New York milliners, followed; in the

midst of which Mr. Riverman and I subsided into a gentle sleep, occasionally bringing our knowledge-boxes into side-contact, then forward with a sudden jerk, until the stage, having reached the top of the hill, descended with so rapid a trot as to shake us all together, and toss Mrs. V. into his lap and Miss Clara into mine. We began to wake up and rub our eyes, while Mr. W. looked at his watch, and wanted to know how far we had come. It began to rain a little — just a drizzle; in the midst of which we passed through a considerable village, and drew up before a public house, which looked very neat and pleasant inside. Two or three negroes led out the fresh horses, and, as they hitched-to, told the driver that they reckoned he was ‘gwine to have rain enough now to make up for all dat dust. De corn needed it ’nuff, Lord knows, and ’taint no bad t’ing for de stock, nuther.’ We went out of town at a brisk pace, but soon resumed our solemn rate of progression, and began to tell stories and sing songs: Miss Clara taking the lead in the latter, and all ‘j’ining in the chorus,’ except Mr. Riverman, who, not being gifted in that way, lay back and good-humoredly listened. He is one of your quiet, unassuming men of forty, who says little, but thinks a great deal; listens to every thing, and sees all that’s going on. He has earned all he has by his own exertions, and feels now as if he could afford to take it easy, and give his family and himself the enjoyment of life to the fullest extent. He is evidently proud of his wife; who is a fine-looking woman some years younger, rather more fond of show than he, but, with him, ready to yield in every thing to the daughter: a sprightly and intelligent young lady, who has just come out, and will not be easily caught.

‘There, that will do!’ says the reader. ‘You’ve talked long enough about your stage-company.’ Do n’t be impatient. I will get you on to the ‘Ginny ’prings,’ as little Jim calls them, as fast as is consistent with a truthful narration of your trials in getting there. I had even thought of telling over some of the stories which were told to beguile the way, in order that you might appreciate the length of the ride; but I will spare you this time.

On the second day, in going from Pittman’s to Staunton, we passed one field of four hundred acres planted in Indian corn. How graceful the long, waving, green leaves of the tall plants appear! ‘Yes, and the hot cakes are not slow;’ as the young woman at Vauxhall Garden remarked about the ice-cream, after a dissertation by her lover on the ‘beauty of the starry firmament above.’

We had occasion to appreciate this, on dining and supping at Pittman’s, the previous night. The Virginian cannot live without hot cakes at every meal, either of flour, corn, rye, or all three — sometimes both. Cold bread and butter he cannot abide, except with fish and game; and the northern invalids who call for stale bread are looked at with wonder by the servants who bring it.

The second day we dined at a rickety old town called Newmarket; but we had no reason to complain of the fare, though not equal to that at most other places on the road. Generally speaking, the chicken-meat, hominy, beef-steak, and butter are good, to say nothing of apple-pie and milk, and the loaf of fresh sponge-cake which invariably ornaments the centre of the table.

III.

S T A U N T O N .

THIS is about the most central town in Virginia, and, like Winchester, has a considerable air of antiquity : many of the houses being built of brick that look as if they were made in the year one ; the shingled roofs being black with age ; and numbers of rickety old shanties being scattered about. There are some very pretty residences of modern date, especially in the out-skirts of the town ; and its female academy, and above all, the state asylums for the insane, deaf and dumb, and blind institutions, (the last two in the same building,) give it some interest to the traveller. On our return, two months later, we chanced to have as a fellow-traveller a clergyman who had been acting as chaplain to another lunatic asylum at Williamsburgh, and who introduced us to the chaplain of that at Staunton, and rector of the Episcopal church, who most kindly gave up the whole morning to us ; and the evidence given by the inmates of both institutions that his presence was most welcome, convinced us that he was really useful in his vocation. After tea we went to his beautiful residence on the brow of the hill, where, on the piazza, by a moon-light night, we passed away the evening most agreeably, in discoursing with his family and an old college friend upon Virginia habits, lunatics, and queer people who are not lunatics we had seen in our rambles ; and came away with most agreeable remembrances of Staunton.

Reader, if you ever read serious things, and meet with a modest-looking volume entitled 'Castleman's Sermons for Servants,' read it. There is pith and terseness in its style, and the subject-matter, much of it, applies to masters as well as servants. It is said that the goitre, which is so troublesome in Switzerland, prevails here ; and we saw one lady who was evidently suffering from it. There are no cretins, however, I believe. The goitres recover on moving away from the mountains.

A likely-looking negro here wanted to drive us to the warm springs, in a hack which was, as well as himself, the property of a man whose house we passed in walking to the stable. 'How many servants does your master own ?' I inquired.

'Well, may be twenty.'

'Does he keep you all hard at work ?'

'Tolerable busy ; but he don't make much out of us, cos he 'lows us all part of de wages, and den dere's good many young ones is n't able to earn nothing, and eats a powerful sight.'

'Are you married ?'

'Oh, no, masta ; dat time has got to come yet. Plenty time for *dat* business ; and plenty gals, Gracious knows !'

'Has your master ever sold any of the children ?'

'Oh no, never, of his own will. He was rather poorly off at one time, and there was a writ agin him, and I thought his heart would a broken cos he thought he'd hab to sell some of his servants. But the man what he owed came down to see him about de debt, and brought along with him a body-servant, who took a liking to one of de gals in

de kitchen, and, sure enough, he asked his master to buy her, and she asked old master to sell her, and she went for the debt; and glad enough was old master to hab her go, for she wa'n't no great things.' Then, after a moment's pause, he added with an effort: 'I'm sure I did n't keer!'

This told the story of love's labors lost as forcibly as any two-volumed novel. He was evidently disposed to bear it like a philosopher, although he had been jilted.

We did not take his conveyance, however, preferring the stage, with plenty of company, and a little more speed; and accordingly started the next morning 'to the Warm Springs, fifty-three miles.'

T H E L A D Y T O H E R G L O V E .

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

Oh, dearest glove! that yester morn
 His hand, in greeting, kindly pressed;
 That I, since that blest hour, have worn
 Within the foldings of my vest;
 Come to my lips! again—again!
 What said to mine his beating heart?
 For thou didst feel, through every vein
 Along my palm, its language dart.

Thou, since he clasped thee, to my sense
 Bearest odors of the violet;
 Sweet flower, that to the heart's suspense
 Breathes love's fond pleading, 'Ne'er forget!
 Forget? Ah me! when every where,
 Throughout the day, till evening dim,
 He is my thought, he is my prayer—
 And all night long I dream of him!

Oh, precious glove! and couldst thou feel
 His warm pulse, throbbing back to mine,
 Through all thy form insensate steal,
 Nor kindle then with life divine?
 Couldst feel how his soft voice and eyes
 Held me spell-bound in their control,
 Twin light and music from the skies!
 Nor wake within thee, then, a soul?

He clasped thee—HE!—O priceless glove!
 His hand these fingers gently pressed!
 What if he knew I dared to love?
 What if his thought my secret guessed?
 O shame! yet by my woman's art,
 And by my faithful oracle,
 The sweet revealings of my heart,
 I know he loves me—loves me well!

T H E M E E T I N G O F T H E F A Y S .

THE moon gleams down on the gray old wood,
 And silvers the pine-tops far and wide;
 Starts from their caverns the owlet's brood,
 And glimmers upon the brook's clear tide.
 Hushed is the babbling rivulet,
 For its joyous murmur no longer sings
 To the all-wondering violet,
 That, downcast and modest, beside it springs,
 Of its gleesome birth in the mountain glen,
 And the gorgeous flowers that shadowed it then;
 And its ripples roll on so soft and slow
 To the weird and solemn lake below,
 As if they fain would tarry a time,
 And dally away the rosy hours,
 Winding among the fragrant thyme,
 And chasing the sweets to their own fair bowers.

Not a breath is heard 'mongst the tall old trees,
 And the sentinel-pines stand proudly on high,
 Waiting to catch the first amorous breeze,
 And to give back, responsively, sigh for its sigh.
 But the winds are still, and naught is heard
 Save the fluttering wing of some frightened bird,
 Or the howl of the distant wolf in his lair,
 As he snuffs up blood on the tainted air.

But hush! on the startled silence rings
 The plaintive tones of a village bell,
 And — twelve! — its quaint old melody sings,
 Faintly, daintily, through the dell:
 And ere the tender, solemn chime
 Has ceased to knell the parting time,
 A *fairy* bell takes up the strain,
 And warbles the midnight hour again.

What magic was there in the melting tone
 That tinkled so gently along the dale,
 That it echoed so far in the forest lone,
 And roused the drowsy owlet's wail?
 What magic was there, that a chime as low
 And soft as the tremulous cascade's flow
 Should echo more distant than ever a sound
 Of mortal — that rang those woods around?
 Miles, miles away on a barren heath,
 A startled rustic heard the peal;
 And, with many a quiver, he held his breath
 And muttered a prayer between his teeth,
 For he thought he heard the voice of the de'il
 Resound from the realms beneath.
 What art was there in that tiny note
 To work a more than magic spell,
 To throw a veil of witchery o'er
 The simple grace of that lovely dell?
 The brook still runs, but its gentle tide,
 That would fain before so lover-like glide
 To the moon-lit lake below,

And which purled along through its banks so green
Like a silver bow in the moon's fair sheen,
With its murmurs soft and low,
Now ripples and roars in its wanton pride,
Its banks of emerald bright beside,
And tears through a brilliant bed of pearls,
In a thousand wild, fantastic whirls.
The oak is there, and there the grassy mound,
Round which the squirrels gambolled but an hour ago;
And there the trembling vine that clammers round
The noble body of the forest son:
They are all there; but that sweet fairy bell
That set the brooklet from its torpor free
Has thrown on them its sweet, seductive spell,
Has laid on them its wizard glamourie.

The scene is changed; but ah! a change so fair
That e'en an angel of the upper air,
To whom to look on mortal scenes 't was given,
Might gaze, and fancy that he was — in heaven.
It was so fair, that e'en a poet's pen,
Dipped though it were in all the hues of even,
Would fail to picture to the eyes of men
The fair ideal for which its art had striven.

There *was* a magic in that elfin chime,
More potent than the spells of any seer,
That in the far, heroic, olden time,
Chanted his incantations drear.
For, ere the note had ceased to ring,
With many a bound, and many a spring,
A troop of sprites rushed forth,
From hill, and from forest, and flowery dell,
From haunted spring and from fairy well;
Some from the south, and some from the north,
Some where old Sol with brilliant dyes
Just now the glowing west had shent;
Some dropped down from the star-lit skies,
And some from the blushing orient.

A tiny Ouphe leaped up from where
A wondering violet lay,
And he breathed her a whisper sweet as the air
Where the roses bloom all day;
Then the gentle Ouphe he donned his cloak
Of the fairest and faintest blue,
And a sprig of the delicate violet broke
To bear to the rendezvous.

A wanton fay looked boldly up
From a tiger-lily's folded cup,
And ogled the elves, as they tripped along,
With a smile of love and a wicked song,
Till a shameless Ouphe came up unseen,
And bore her away to the fairy green.

Away! away! to the fairy green,
Without a thought and without a sigh,
The merry band of elfins fly;
For the stars are bright, and the moon serene
Propitiously looks on the wanton scene,
And the rivulet murmurs its banks between,
To hie to the bower of the fairy queen.

ROUGH SKETCHES OF FEMALE FIGURES.

BY A TRAVELLING ARTIST.

S A R A H B R O W N .

SARAH BROWN was the child of 'pious parents,' and had been trained after a strict formalistic fashion. Her father was as narrow in his views as he was gross in his person and feelings. He was necessarily tyrannical, because he had a good share of will, felt it his duty to govern, and was not a sufficient judge of character to govern well. He was necessarily bigoted, because, having a conscientious and devotional tendency, and a positive disposition, he needed a creed to rest upon, and his mind was too narrow to embrace more than one phase of a subject, and even that only to a limited extent.

He did not intend to be harsh with his children; and it was fortunate for them that, being neither inquiring nor stubborn, they were without much difficulty moulded to suit his views: had they not been so constituted, they would have been subjected to a series of petty annoyances and unjust aspersions. A bigot seeks to break down opposition, rather than to win conviction; he will worry systematically, and regard even his children as his enemies while their views do not accord with his own: the extent of their divergence is the measure of their depravity.

Mrs. Brown was a fit help-meet for, and much respected by, her spouse. She was precise and attentive to her household duties. Her opinions ran in the same channel with those of her husband. Her house was neatly kept, and her children carried, after the approved method, through their measles, hooping-cough, and catechism. She was far from intelligent, but not foolish; far from sympathetic, yet not positively cold; and being impressed with the idea that virtue and truth were mostly confined to the circle of believers in which she moved, she consequently only felt at home with 'her sort of folks.' She had once tried the experiment of inviting an outsider, but its unsatisfactory issue confirmed her in her prejudices.

It happened in this wise: A neighbor of the Browns, a lady-like and well-educated woman, by the name of Asbury, had been very kind and attentive to them in sickness. Now, a certain Rev. Mr. Stilton, a young Boanerges, fast rising in his profession, had been invited to a 'Brownsonian' tea-party, got up expressly for his benefit. Mrs. Brown at this time seldom entertained company, and being charmed into unwonted good-nature by the unusual prospect of receiving a 'roaring lion,' resolved to invite her neighbor to join the highly-favored circle. Mrs. Asbury accepted, and was introduced to the select party. Although invariably polite, it soon became evident that she was not '*en rapport*' with her associates for the evening. The Rev. Mr. Stilton was kind enough to favor her with his views of the accursed doctrines, practices, and objects of the Catholics, and, affirming his perfect conviction that their church was a certain lady of easy virtue, addicted to a bright dress,

mentioned in the Revelations, rounded off a sentence with a bitter denunciation of all its adherents, and triumphantly inquired, 'Do n't you agree with me, Mrs. Asbury?'

The lady quietly replied that she must confess she could not entirely sympathize with him, and that she feared she was not enough of a Christian to hate any sect!

After this catastrophe, Mrs. Brown never opened her doors again to such poor deluded sinners.

As Mr. Brown's wealth increased, he began to entertain some ambition to become distinguished in the world. He accordingly subscribed largely to various religious societies; was one of the founders of an association for the conversion of Europe; was unanimously elected its president, and signed the engraved certificates of life-membership. Having gained so lofty a place in public life, he sought a more elevated social position, both for his own pleasure and the advantage of his daughter Sarah, the eldest of the family, and a marriageable young lady. In pursuance of this object, he invited to his house travelling evangelists, the 'stars' of the ecclesiastical profession, 'engaged at great expense,' and 'for a few nights only;' renowned missionaries, college professors, and other distinguished persons were made welcome; and thus Mr. Brown's hospitable mansion became a gratuitous tavern for the entertainment of the aristocracy of the elect.

Sarah took it for granted that she was to be married to some body, and that before a long time should pass. She had good reason to think so; for her father was rich, and she was young. Sarah was not without some pretension to the favorable consideration of the other sex. She was bold, not with an aggressive boldness, but through an absence of instinctive modesty. She was awkward, not with a stiff, ungainly awkwardness, as if the limbs had been thrown together at right-angles, but through an absence of any feeling of grace. Notwithstanding these negative disadvantages, she had a fine, strong set of teeth, a clear complexion, somewhat broadly tinged with red, and a straight and well-knit frame. She was destitute of fascinations, but would readily be acknowledged as a good-looking girl. She was such a woman as many men would be willing to marry.

Sarah, as I have said, felt confident that she was to be married to some body: she so felt because she was of an age to entertain such notions; because she had a proclivity in that direction; and because she had good looks and good behavior, and her father had a good property. But she never dreamed of making any other than a respectable alliance, and her imagination never pictured to her a union with any other than a 'good young man.'

A new-fledged missionary, bound for Iceland, was introduced to her one evening, and the next day informed her that, in his opinion, PROVIDENCE had selected her for his wife; but she found little difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the LORD did not call her in any Icelandic direction, and that she was not one of those susceptible needles of humanity subject to 'polar attraction.'

An elderly gentleman, without beauty in his countenance, hair on his head, or money in his purse, a sort of an *attaché* to a religious corpora-

tion, having rather forced himself on her acquaintance, tried hard to persuade her that her path of duty led clearly to his arms ; but her firm conviction, and that of her parents, was, that it lay in entirely a different direction.

Among her regular visitors was a young man by the name of Phipps, head-clerk in a large dry-goods establishment. Phipps was a good salesman and methodical man of business. Phipps was a man of fixed principles, correct in his deportment, and regular in the performance of his duties. Phipps dressed with great neatness, and had a good-looking, but unmeaning face. Phipps could sing psalm-tunes with much acceptance, and belonged to the choir. Phipps was familiar with the news of the day, and was recording secretary of several useful societies. Phipps was a desirable visitant. Phipps was noted by several excellent girls 'a sweet young man.' Phipps had fallen into the habit of calling at the Browns'. He found Sarah always glad to see him, and passed an hour once a week with the family quite agreeably. He had, however, no idea of making love to the young lady. He liked her very well, but, as she was not a young woman to attract the tendrils of the heart, and as the tendrils of Phipps' heart were not easily affected, he was well satisfied to be considered as a mere visitor and friend of the family.

Sarah looked at matters in a different light. She imagined that Phipps was disposed to 'pay attentions' to her. The poor fellow had certainly never been guilty of giving utterance to any of those sweet nothings that charm expectant Sarahs ; but a good share of self-approbation led her to the strong suspicion that Phipps would eventually offer himself.

The parties continued in the same relation to each other for some months, when an accident brought affairs to a conclusion, as accidents often do.

Phipps had seen a friend of his seated in a fashionable vehicle, driving a very handsome livery-horse ; and the sight was so gratifying to his eyes, that, after satisfying himself by a close cross-examination of his friend that the horse was perfectly manageable, and having driven him twice to be assured that the affair would come off creditably, he determined to ask Sarah to accompany him on a rural ride.

If Phipps had not felt convinced that the invitation was a perfectly proper one, he would not have thought of tendering it ; but being a diffident youth, he imagined that Sarah's respected parents might not approve it, or that she might consider it in an unfavorable light. But the idea of driving this beautiful horse, and having a well-dressed and comely lady by his side, had taken possession of his mind ; and knowing no one who would fill her part in the exhibition better than Sarah, he resolved to invite her.

On his next visit after forming this conclusion, he found Sarah alone ; her father had gone to attend some directors' meeting, and her mother to see a pious friend. Phipps was unusually embarrassed. To invite a young lady to ride was something out of his line, and his mind was occupied with the manner in which the subject should be introduced. After confusing himself with a variety of expedients, he finally, as if moved by desperation to do something, took Sarah's hand, and remarked in his blandest voice : 'Miss Sarah, I have a favor to ask of you.'

Sarah squeezed his hand, turned her face from him, lifted her embroidered handkerchief to her eyes, and pathetically exclaimed: 'You have my consent if you have my pa's.'

If Phipps had been informed that the wealthy Dry-Goods House in which he was employed had failed, or that all Europe had been submerged by a new deluge, or that any other equally wonderful event had occurred, he could not have been more astounded. There he sat, his hand imprisoned by the close grasp of Sarah, and her head still turned, as if she never could summon enough resolution to look him in the face. The firm step of Mr. Brown in the entry broke in upon the silence, and when he entered the room Phipps jumped up, shook his hand tremulously, shook Sarah's, rushed to the entry, put on his hat awry, walked with unusual speed to his boarding-house, took off his clothes, hurried into bed, and lay on his back all night with his eyes wide open, as if fascinated by the gaze of Hymen, sitting like an incubus on his breast, and leisurely gloating upon his victim.

As his nerves became more composed the following day, and he could examine his position thoughtfully, he found that there was nothing in it repulsive to his feelings. Sarah had misunderstood his intentions; but he must have given her reason so to do, or so correct a young lady would not have been misled. He liked her full as well, indeed somewhat better than any other woman of his acquaintance. Were not her morals, her appearance and position in society good? Was she not a proper woman for a wife? These and similar questions he asked himself, and became more satisfied with Sarah the more he thought of her. She loved him also: Phipps was loved! And did he not love her? To be sure he did: he had not thought of it before, but was now convinced.

So Phipps concluded that the whole affair was ordered by PROVIDENCE.

The next day a note from Mr. Brown summoned Phipps to an interview.

The pompous father received the involuntary suitor in his library. He had made up his mind, without hesitation, to approve the match; but with him every thing must be done in a grand and patronizing manner. The curtains of the room obscured the light; and as Phipps, treading the luxurious carpet, approached the awful presence of the master of the house, his heart sank within him. The little apartment was visible in that sort of twilight gloom which is cultivated in fashionable drawing-rooms. Brown, with firmly-closed lips and heavy brows and stolid face, looked like a judge about to pronounce sentence of death; the portrait of a distinguished divine, with a cast-iron countenance, lowered from the walls; volumes of gloomy theology, consigning the world of dissent to inevitable damnation, frowned from the shelves; and a monochromatic drawing, converting a beautiful scene of nature to a ghastly landscape of despair, encouraged the idea that the world was damned already.

Brown, amid these surroundings, suggestive of Plutonian thoughts, told Phipps that his daughter had informed him of the proposal that had been made to her; that he had deliberated upon it with all the prayerful circumspection that became a father; and that he had decided,

after solemn consideration of his momentous position, to permit his daughter to receive Mr. Phipps' addresses.

The young man stammered out his thanks, and left the room with his mind vibrating between the two ideas of securing a great boon, and incurring an awful responsibility.

Sarah now entered on a course of new and great enjoyment. To be engaged ; to walk arm-in-arm with her betrothed, and lean confidently on him ; to send him little notes, beginning, 'Dear Charles,' and ending, 'Thine—Sarah ;' to be asked when the marriage was to take place ; to have a good young man's arm around her stout waist, and a parting kiss imprinted on her full, red lips every evening ; and all this to be proper, and approved, and orthodox, was highly satisfactory to Miss Sarah Brown.

She began to entertain some indefinite notion of being romantic ; attended with her 'dear Charles' a course of transcendental lectures, which she justly considered 'profound,' as they were entirely beyond her depth ; and purchased an elegantly-bound copy of 'Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.' This literary treasure she pronounced 'a sweet book,' a fact she could only have acquired by intuition, as, like many owners of the writings of the Solomon of the nineteenth century, she had never read them.

Her state of exaltation increased as the marriage drew near ; the selection of house-keeping articles, and the various other preliminary arrangements, including the great responsibility of the bridal dress, made her feel as if she was a heroine ; and when the great affair came off, and in the presence of a goodly collection of excellent and formal people, including many of Zion's notables, Miss Brown was converted into Mrs. Phipps, the two parties to the solemn contract entertained the elevating idea that 'a special PROVIDENCE' had arranged the programme from eternity, and brought the loving pair together, for their own benefit and the good of mankind.

These things occurred but a few years since, yet Sarah has already a family of three children, and her form, always full, has lost its maidenly proportions. I cannot say that her character improves. Time develops the flower of truth, and multiplies its attractions, and refines its fragrance, because it blooms in the light of heaven ; but a continuous contact with the world, whatever the creed or profession, nourishes the ranker growth that thrives beneath a coarser sun.

I do not mean to say that there is a marked decadence in her character : she has thrown off none of the restraints that she has been taught to consider proper ; but she becomes more fixed and settled in habits and thoughts that neither elevate nor improve. She desires to do no wrong, but does not yearn for the right ; she wishes to avoid error, but does not worship truth ; she would not willingly encourage malice or uncharitableness, but her soul is not attuned to love.

In the garrison of her heart, her thoughts and feelings are not soldiers who use their weapons from love of the cause, but drilled mercenaries who perform their part lest harm should come to them. In her intercourse with the followers of her creed, she is not wanting in cant phrases, but, stripped of their original vitality, they are only used as pass-words ; they are current coins circulated from hand to hand, by those who never

think of the royal mint from whence they came, or the impress of sovereignty that connects them with a supreme authority.

Sarah leads a sensuous life, and looks for hearty enjoyment only to sensuous sources. She has her law of religious obligation, but it consists of penances and tributes, and is fully satisfied when they are paid without a murmur.

She is a specimen of the morality that is the result of calculations of profit and loss; and of the religion that methodizes the conduct, while it fails to lift the soul from the sphere of animal existence.

P O R T A G E F A L L S .

NATURE has lavished wondrous care on thee,
Wild-foaming cataract!—and year by year
The changing touches of her hand we see
Still adding grace to beauty; as if here,
In playful mood, she tasked her utmost power
To render thee more wild and lovely every hour.

The mingled tones of dashing waters come
Like an unceasing hymn upon the ear,
Repeating mid their notes the primal tone,
Whose melody pealed forth, so soft and clear,
Upon creation's morn; and with the strain
Awoke a thousand worlds to echo back again.

Thy beauty charms us with its magic power:
Here Heaven has lent its brilliant bow to lie
In the bright sun-light on the dazzling shower,
Formed from the jetting drops that upward fly
From the dashed waters; flowers of delicate hue
Cover the rugged rocks with their bright cups of blue.

How oft, when panting from the eager chase,
Has the awed red-man checked his steps with fear,
And marked upon thy brow the visible trace
Of the GREAT SPIRIT's finger! Ofttimes here
Have dusky maidens stolen to see the play
Of thy bright waters in the moon's pale ray.

Hunters and maidens all have passed away:
The pale-face builds his hearth where once the blaze
Of council-fires rose mid the wild array
Of painted warriors; and the tasselled maize
Waves in the breezes where of old the trees
Shut out the sun-light with thick-clustering leaves.

Yet still untamed art thou! The busy hand
Of man has left thy loveliness alone;
The silent forests still around thee stand,
And echo to no voice, save to thine own
And the wild tempest's, or the milder strain
Of the cool woodland-breeze, or pattering summer rain.

Nunda, New-York, May, 1852.

C H A N G E S O F H O M E .

BY ROBERT JOHNSTONE

'THESE lines, from the pen of a young Irish gentleman, written on visiting the hall of his ancestors, possess, I think, more than common merit. Will MAGA give them a place?'—NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

I.

I stood in the old, ancestral hall:
The comrades of youth had fled;
Green mould was on the tarnished wall,
And my thoughts were of the dead:
I looked around for some friendly face
I had known in other days,
But none descried in that lonely place
To glad my longing gaze.

II.

The towers with ivy were over-grown,
And weeds round the portal grew;
Moss lay deep on the threshold-stone,
And the chambers were wet with dew.
I lean on my staff, of friends bereft,
With trembling head and hands,
Though long ago those towers I left
To journey in distant lands.

III.

My elder brother in war was slain,
Transfixed by a foeman's spear;
His bones bleach now on the sandy plain,
The warrior's dismal bier.
The youngest slumbers beneath the wave
Far off, amid Indian isles;
On the deep sea-green of his watery grave
The Sun of the Tropic smiles.

IV.

My parents long were left alone,
Then fled to a shadowy land;
And I remain, the only one
Of a happy household-band.
My kindred — all — are swept away,
Like a vision they have passed
And I, like a lonely column, stay
In the midst of a desert vast!

Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR, AFTER BEING RUDELY AROUSED FROM HIS HAPPY DREAM OF PLEASING OTHER PEOPLE BY HIS GOSSIP, BURSTS INTO AN IMPERIAL PASSION, AND VOWS TO WRITE TO SUIT HIMSELF.

ENOPLOS, dinculus, trinculus,
Holy holy sum;
The Latin for chain is VINCULGS:
Inspiratus sum.

REV. MR. IRVING'S EXPOSITION OF HIS DOCTRINES.

Most admirable auditors, most reasonable readers, and paragonically pansophical patrons!

In the spring of the year, when business is looking up; when hyacinths and other bulbs sprout in the gardens; when the voice of the pigeon is heard trolling on the stable-roof, and that of the ice-cream darkey along the sunny street; when ladies, resuming their long-abandoned sun-shades, slide serenely along the side-walks, in the imminent risk of being splashed by the gutteral torrents which, shaking off the icy shackles of winter, bound merrily along; when woollen is at a discount, and panamas and fine linen at a premium, and men lay aside the tristifications, meditations, and melancholies, which the fogs, frosts, and frigidities of winter have engendered; then, I say, it becomes the duty of every free spirit to second and assist the progress of the natural spring, by exciting in the minds of others a mental *primavera* of merriment and jollity. Which may be effected by means of *paragrams*, which are puns; by *gaudrioles*, which are gayeties; by *facetiae*, which are funniæ; by jocosities, which are jokes; and finally, and most excellently, by *stories*, which, as you all know, are yarns; not to mention gossip, chat, fiddle-faddle, and small talk generally. I, therefore, in virtue of my office of Fun-Finder and Flibbertigibbet-General, after having thrown my spirit into a mirific ecstasy of quintessential inspiration by beating all manner of bizarre burlesquerie on the drum of deviltry, and fifing at least fifty high-faluting fantasies on the mirliton of imagination, have finally, as you all know, excogitated, matagrabolized, and perfected, *id est*, translated, or overset this series of chapters with which you are now occupied, from the language of my own brain, into this our English of the nineteenth century.

And I was diddling and dancing along (innocent child that I was) in a good humor with every body, and supposing every body to be in a good humor with me. And as no fraction of the production has been elaborated, conglutinated, or perfected without incurring a great expense in tobacco, soda-water, and other articles essential to the production of a good work, I thought by such magnanimous liberality to conciliate the minds of all who know me.

But woe is me! I have been run off the track and thrown into a rage.

A lordly rage, a glorious rage, a cardinal rage; a crimson-plush rage,

deeply colored and dyed in the wool; an exquisite rage; a rage in which all wrathful and diabolical sentiments were concentrated and consonated into a trebly-distilled elixir of spite. A rage, in short, too good for a common person, and highly becoming an irreclaimable pirate, or an old and irritable vampire. I envied *Vert Vert's* rich profanity, which was such that

—— 'No ancient devil,
Plunged to the chin when burning hot
Into a holy water-pot,
Could so blaspheme, or fire a volley
Of oaths so dire and melancholy.'

This rage, O dearly beloved! was provoked by the wretched, the abominable insinuations of certain persons, who strove to withhold me from proceeding farther with this undertaking: I, who was endeavoring to do all in my power to aid mankind; I, who was, like the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle, toiling incessantly at the midnight lamp, that I might give to posterity a chart and compass which should aid them in unrolling the trackless waste of history! And yet these creatures, rising as it were like crocodiles from the marshes of antiquity, armed with a weapon which should lay waste with fire and sword the soul of the author, said to me: 'The thing won't do; the public won't stand such a work, Walker. Fiddle-sticks! give it up; better not; 'tisn't the thing; no go; pshaw! now *let* me persuade you. Ah bah! Vain child, thy fond pursuits forbear. Pooh!!!'

So that at last, in sheer despair, and out of pure masculine rage, at hearing the taste of his public thus calumniated, the Courier rose, and, foaming, bade them all incontinently forth to the devil, which they (in Indian file) did accordingly.

And when they return, you shall be furnished, my children, with a New Vision of Hell, *à la* Quevedo. And return they will, for it would be rank *cannannerie* and *scandalum magnatum* to suppose that Satan, father of lies though he be, and consequently of all *blague* and gas, would ever endure such abominably execrable and execrably abominable stultiloquence.

Oh that I could get an audience, or a class of readers, after my own heart!

Oh that all the fair women who, in this season of sun-light and flowers, promenade in parasolled perfection along Broadway, the Avenue, Chestnut or Walnut-street, were here assembled together! Oh that I knew a way to bring thousands and tens of thousands around me! Or, oh (since at present heels are more interesting than heads) that the Divinity of Dancing would teach me a tremendous, astonishing, confounding, overpowering novelty in her line; something which should drive the waltz to the wall, palsy the polka into pallid imperfection, and mash the Mazourka to *nichts*! Then might I hope to assemble *legions* of delicate, creamy, rosy, proud-eyed American beauties.

Nor should the *beaux* be absent. Every gentleman who wears a correct coat and passable manners; in short, who dates from the kingdom of gloves, should have the fullest, fairest leave to enter. (I cry for no man's love.) Every *chacun* should sit by his *chacune*, id est, every Paul Theodore should possess in peace his Louisa Maria.

Nothing short of such a revelation, dear friends, would ever bring the beauty and chivalry of our cities together, (I mean *en masse*.) But the great coming dance, which is to crown with glory the Korponay or Celarius yet unborn, is still being hopped or capered in all its normal, unpolished imperfection, by Illyrian or Tartar savages.

'Then, Mr. Courier, you would become Professor of the Terpsichorean Art?'

'Not exactly, my dove! I would expound its principles (as two French *abbés* have already done) in a *lecture*.'

'And your ultimate object in assembling this throng of nobility and beauty?'

'To obtain a class of readers of *one* caste, with a *single* and *similar* class of tastes. For it is so much less trouble when you know what your readers really want, and it is an easy matter to post up on a single item. In the instance alluded to, a refined *volupté*, a trebly-distilled elegance, extracted from velvet and gas-light, maraschino and white kids, perfumed boudoirs, opera-tickets, love, kisses and romance, should characterize my efforts, and enchant my patronesses.'

'That, Signore Corriero,' quoth the dove, 'were a singular way to explain your views.'

'Extraordinary subjects, my friend, are to be illustrated in an extraordinary manner; as the Professor remarked when he drew the angles and curves of the soul upon a green board with yellow chalk.'

But, ah miserable! Instead of pleasing one class, the Courier must please all. Not only the ladies and cavaliers, but the high and low, the great and small, the fierce democracy, the unfrightened multitude; the superb and lordly *corps redactoral*, or editorial, whose smiles are sweetness and whose frown is death; the plumbers and glaziers, the chemists and *medici* (quorum pars fui, of whom I was,) the jurists and philosophers, (of whom I am,) the clergy, (of whom I was to have been, ought to have been, and will yet be: '*on revient toujours à son premier amour* ;') fiddlers, gentlemen-students, bankers, opera-girls, Jakeys, authoresses, milliners, dandies, and thieves.

Auctioneers and governesses, sculptors, bar-keepers, tinkers, fishermen, artists, authors, actors, hair-dressers, dog-fanciers, and poets. Now let him please the many-headed who can! I'll none of it. These Tramps, Trudges, and Travels of the Courier shall accordingly be written to suit the taste of no other than that self-same modest and deserving individual, the Courier himself; subject only from time to time to the censorship and revision of his reserved little friend, already twice addressed as '*Dove*.'

Therefore, console and comfort yourselves, my readers who are to be, with the reflection that, though my treasury be not particularly devoted to *your* views, tastes, or interests, it will not be one whit better adapted to the tastes of your friends, enemies, or rivals, as the case may be. Those among you, however, who are naturally gifted with proud, lofty souls, fine feelings, delicate sentiments, looking down in sorrow, not in anger, upon the herd of grovelling outsiders, and who may happen to know, though the world do not, that you are, after all, not exactly of a piece with it, will have some sympathy (won't you?) with an author who

proposes conducting a work according to the *haut volée*, or high-flung, marble-majestic, icy-isolation system of utter independence. You will applaud the efforts of one who, in this too generally degenerate generation, has resolved to 'go in and win,' though the cruel hand of destiny, as the Pentamerone remarks, should spread so much soap on the stairs of his fortune as to make him slip from top to bottom. With these words, gentlemen and ladies, I take my leave, firmly resolved to carry out these principles, and adhere to this system of tactics, until the next rain — and as much longer as convenience may dictate.

Cries from the audience: 'Hurrah! bravo! bravo!! Go on! *da capo*, *bis*, *ENCORE!*' * *

☞ ('A tattered cloak may cover a good drinker.' — LORD BACON.) ☞

. . . 'My friends, overpowered with conflicting emotions, I would suggest a simultaneous and peremptory conclusion. The sheet is nearly out, my gold-pen unmanageable, and the devil clamorous for copy. '*Breviter loquitur qui bene loquitur*,' saith *Merlinus Coccaius*; which, interpreted, signifieth that a short horse is soon curried, a little mouth quickly kissed, and the path to paradise laid out without a bend. And having begun with stating my ultimate object, let me conclude by teaching you the A B C of my book, which is simply: A, *all of you*; B, *buy*; C, *copies!*'

Here the Courier steps into a shell chariot, accompanied by two beautifully-rouged ballet-girls, effectually disguised as angels, and followed 'by a song singing itself,' (subject of said song, 'Woman, *the ineffable vignette* of sentiment.') Band strikes up 'JENNY LIND POLKA.' Audience, in an ecstasy of delight, give vent to their emotions by countless cheers, whoops, yells, hurrahs, squalls, and cries. Twenty-five dozen wreaths and sixty-four bouquets are thrown upon the stage; also apples, potatoes, turnips, and other productions of the Philadelphia market. A youth in the third tier casts, with remarkable accuracy, a liver and lights upon the head of an ancient enemy in the *parterre*, which feat is rapturously applauded by several young ladies of said youth's acquaintance. (General row up stairs.) The *élite* of the dress-circle depart, highly gratified with the Courier, and sadly shocked at the behavior of the unilluminated youth in the Paradise above. The lights are extinguished, *on s'esquive*, and a Chestnut-street darkness ensues.

SCENE: MAHOMET'S PARADISE; FIDDLER'S GREEN and the ABBEY OF THELEME discovered through distant vistas R and L. All of the company and readers generally seen seated *very* comfortably, waited on by angels, houris, peris, and other nice creatures, including Hebes, Nymphs, etc. WOLF in a beatific ecstasy catches one of the latter in his arms, and sings with a tremendous voice and superhuman chorus, to the *music of the spheres*:

'My LILLA is gentle and fair;
My LILLA is merry and true!
Half dying with love,
I ate up her glove,
And drank my champagne from her shoe!

'For LILLA, for LILLA, my life;
For LILLA through darkness and rain;
I would go at her beck,
Though a cord for my neck
Should wait me returning again!

'O LILLA! my Lady, my Love!
And *can* such another one be?
Why, an angel might blush,
Look pleased, and say, *hush!*
If I kindly compared her to thee!

'O LILLA! my Lily, my Flower!
O LILLA! my Glory, my Prize!
What good 'neath the sun
Can I ever have done,
To merit the light of thine eyes?'

Company keep up an awful clattering and pounding with their mugs on the table. Ghosts of MAGINN, OLIVER YORKE, and GUALTERUS DE MAPES, wave their cups frantically. As Hebe approaches, they 'ask for more,' and *get it*. Saint Cecilia, in a maudlin fit of delight, embraces first Sappho, then Venus, then Malibran, then Freya. SATAN (poor devil!) is seen looking in wistfully through a hole in the firmament, like a nigger-boy into a cake-shop, with very much the air of an outsider. Is invited in by his old servant, St. Christopher. Walks in like a great lout, looking sheepish and cheapish; takes a mug, bows awkwardly, and exclaiming, '*Gen'tlemen, here's my sarvice to yer,*' swills it off. Is again challenged to drink by ISIDORE of SEVILLE, Jerome of Prague, Dr. Maginn, and CORNELIUS A LAPIDE. Half tipsy he shuffles off, intensely pleased, and expressing his humble gratitude for the kindness shown, as he expresses it, '*to a poor loafer,*' and '*the likes of him.*' A tear seen stealing down his dirty face as he exits. Is afterward heard howling dolefully under the window, in *basso profundissimo*:

'Oh, ven I thinks of vot I am,
And vot I used to vas,
I see I've throwed myself away
Without sufficient cause.'

Convivial tumult recommences. Hercules and Samson, in a good-natured way, begin pelting Machiavelli and Jacob Behman with tumblers and plates. Apollo and Saint Hubert declare that unless the riot ceases they will *draw their bows*. Strauss, Paganini, and Lanner actually do so with much better effect. All the Mythologies, Histories, and Fictions of ancient and modern times dance madly around in a ring, singing the following little *ditto*, of 'DER PABST':

'*Le Pape qui est à Rome
Boit du vin comme autre pomme.
Et de l'hypocras aussi:
Or donc faisons comme lui.*'

—
'THE POPE he leads a jolly life;
He hath no care, no pain or strife;
The best of wine, too, drinketh he:
The POPE, the POPE I fain would be!'

S O M E G E R M A N S O N G S .

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

VI.

THE LORELEI.*

I CANNOT tell what it meaneth
That I am so sad to-day,
But an olden legend haunts me,
And will not be driven away.

The air is cool: it is evening,
And peaceful rolls the Rhine;
The peak of the mountain glimmers
In the last sweet sunset-shine.

The loveliest maiden sitteth
Up yonder, wondrous fair;
Her golden adornment gleameth,
She combeth her golden hair:

With a golden comb doth she comb it,
And sings a song thereby,
Full of a weird and solemn
Mysterious melody.

It seizeth the listening boatman
As his bark shoots swiftly by;
He sees not the rocks before him,
He sees but the maiden on high.

Ah God! he is in the whirl-pool,
And boatman and boat are gone! —
And that with her wild sweet singing
The LORELEI has done!

HEINRICH HEINE.

VII.

D U R A N D .

TOWARD the lofty towers of Balbi
With his cithern rides DURAND,
And his soul grows full of music
As he sees the goal at hand.
There shall one dear gentle maiden,
When she hears his opening song,
Eyes downcast and inly sighing,
Blush for love, and listen long.

'Neath the court-yard's linden shadows
Hath he now his lay begun,

* The LORELEI is the Rhine syren, and sits upon a rock not far from Saint Goar.

Singing what he knew of sweetest,
 In the purest, clearest tone.
 Flower from balcony and casement
 Nod to greet his upward gaze,
 But his dark eye searcheth vainly
 For the lady of his lays.
 And a messenger approacheth
 With a slow and mournful tread,
 Saying, 'Peace to the departed!
 Lady *BIANCA* lieth dead.'
 Then *DURAND*, the gentle minstrel,
 Not a single word hath spoken,
 But his full dark eye hath faded,
 And his earnest heart hath broken.

Over in the castle-chapel
 Many a blessed light discloses
 Lady *BIANCA* on her bier,
 Pale and still and crowned with roses.
 But what shudders seize the mourners,
 Thrills of horror and surprise!
 When they see the Lady *BIANCA*
 From the solemn bier arise.
 From the awful sleep of Death
 Rose she, blooming as the light;
 In her cerements, as though vested
 For the joyous bridal night.
 As though waking from a dream,
 Comes she forth from shadow-land,
 Looking round and saying softly,
 'Heard I not thy voice, *DURAND*?'

Yes, he sang, but now for ever
 Hushed is his entrancing strain:
 He hath waked the dead by singing,
Him shall no man wake again!
 In the Land of the Departed
 Wandereth he for evermore,
 Looking for his only darling
 Who he thought had gone before.
 All the starry domes of azure
 With their pomp to him are given,
 But his call rings, '*BIANCA! BIANCA!*'
 Through the glorious vaults of heaven.

LUDWIG UHLAND.

VIII:

MOTHER AND CHILD.

MOTHER.

'Look up into heaven, my child; there dwelleth thy dear little brother:
 For that he never displeased me, the angels have ta'en him away.'

CHILD.

'Tell me then how to displease thee! how I may vex thee, sweet mother,
 So that from thee the good angels never may take me away.'

LUDWIG UHLAND.

JOHN THE BAPTIST IN THE WILDERNESS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. W. VON SCHLEGEL.

A MANLY youth, ready and bold in deed,
 JOHN to the wilderness hath fled apace;
 The desert-cave he makes his dwelling-place,
 And skin of camels wears in garments' stead.
 Simple in thought, his sight from darkness freed,
 Earth cannot tempt him with desires base;
 To save from utter doom his fellow-race,
 Him to God's living fount his wishes lead.
 He drinks sweet water springing through the sward;
 Then rises up before his mental eye
 A form that he with rapture doth regard:
 It is the SON OF MAN, exalted high!
 The eager gazer bends his face earthward:
 'Ah! Lord, compared with thee how low am I!'

L. C.

SKETCHES OF WESTERN LIFE.

NUMBER TWO

WE are very fond of high-sounding names in the West; but, unfortunately, the christian and the surname are seldom equally fine. For instance: Washington Pig. Now, the Washington hardly redeems the Pig that follows it, though it may evince a feeling of patriotic love highly praiseworthy in the parents who so called their child. We certainly must have classical scholars among us, if we may judge by the name bestowed on an interesting youth in our neighborhood, Master Agonistes Butcher. Rather a curious name, altogether. Perhaps his godfathers are *not* classical, but his godmothers may have read Milton. Philemon, Lorenzo, Alonzo, Lafayette, Bolivar, Osmar, or Omar, etc., are among the commonest names we have. We have only one Marcus Aurelius, and *he* is but a poor namesake of his great prototype. He has not a vestige of the Roman about him — not even a Roman nose. The Kentuckians are the simplest and best-hearted of the settlers in our precincts. Their names, too, are usually simple, or biblical: their characters are seldom in accordance with names of the latter sort.

Were any of our readers ever at a 'hoe-dig' or a 'shucking-bee'? The entertainments are quite as *royal* as those 'hoe-digs' of majesty we read of, and infinitely less heavy. But though *fun* is plenty, I would advise persons of delicate stomachs not to even attempt to feast. If they saw behind the scenes, they would not be tempted. It may do very well, for those who do not regard 'trifles light as air,' that the chickens

are boiled in the water that they were scalded in ; and of course it can't be helped, as there is but one room and a score of children, that the little dears (who always have colds) should stand over the pie and cake-making, and stick their dirty little fingers into the cookery. Who minds it? Mammy don't, and the company are not aware of the fact. Not, I suppose, that they would care at all. No, thank God! they are not particular. Beside, they have experience at home. The company have generally to pay fifty cents admittance, for a couple, to a 'hoe-dig.' At a 'shucking-bee,' as they have to work, the feasting is gratis, for those who would feast.

The motley assemblage at either of these characteristic western ré-unions would give ample study to an observer of originality. It is amusing to see the extreme deference paid to the tall, red-faced, hard-featured man in a hickory shirt, snuff-colored unmentionables thrust into a huge pair of cow-hide boots, a blue blanket-coat with enormous wooden buttons, and his light curly hair surmounted by a 'rough-and-ready' hat. He is distinguished by the high appellation of 'the scholar,' who can (as his relations say with pride) 'read writin' a'most as fast as print.' The 'scholar's' opinions have great weight with his friends who are not initiated in the mysteries of reading and writing; and it is a happy circumstance that he does not deserve the reputation of the generality of learned men, who, aside from their books, are regarded as little better than fools. Our sage has a great deal of practical common sense, and is a good, honest fellow. I must relate an anecdote of our 'scholar,' though it may not much redound to his credit in knowledge of religious history. He once got possession of, or borrowed, a Bible containing the 'Apocrypha.' In reading the titles of the various books, he was particularly attracted by that of 'Bel and the Dragon.' He read it eagerly, but was disappointed; for when he returned the volume to the owner, he exclaimed indignantly: 'What's the sense o' callin' a story 'Bell and the Dragoon,' when there ain't a word about a woman or a soger in it?'

A personage of great importance at a 'hoe-dig' is an extremely free-and-easy young woman, who is famous for singing songs that put the ballads of Astrophel to shame. Any of these ditties would be a soirée musicale, inasmuch as it would take an evening of perpetual singing to get through one of them. Songs of fewer verses are more in vogue now; such as 'William Taylor,' who, in every verse, appears famous simply from the fact of his 'walkin' with his *laydye* on the sand.' There is one, of which I remember only a few lines, remarkable for its Shakspearian simplicity; though, instead of 'hey nonny nonny,' it runs thus:

"WILL you have the green?" says her haro,
 "Will you have the green, JENNY JINKINS?"
 "No, I won't have the green,
 For it's color that is mean;
 So, come buy me with your tally willy I, Sirs,
 Tally willy, tally willy, tally willy oh!
 With your grass-green gown,
 And your white brandy beer,
 Come buy me with your tally willy I, Sirs!"

The western minstrelsy, though often jocose, is never indecent, as far

as *I* have had experience. It may not, perhaps, suit the refined taste of simpering exquisites or languishing misses, as the lines never rhyme in 'love' and 'dove,' or 'sleeping' and 'weeping.'

At these 'hoe-digs'—to return to them—may be seen many who, though not having the profession, bear the titles of Colonel, Major, Doctor, Professor, Squire, etc., etc. I believe our 'scholar' has a military distinction, as well as classical. They are not Americans alone who resort to these entertainments. There is the Dutchman, all pipe, appetite, and stolidity; the Irishman, all dirt, fun, and flattery, with an exceeding penchant for whiskey, women, and picking quarrels with his 'cute Yankee brethren. How they manage to squeeze into one small room is a matter of surprise; but how they dance in it is a perfect mystery. But that they *do* is actually true.

Those superfine animals, yecept belles and beaux, have a place in western society as well as in other parts of the known world. And, indeed, where are they not? Pocahontas was an Indian belle, and Sim-boy was a beau; and there was poor Prince Le Boo, an exquisite of the first water! Western belles are distinguished in possessing an excessive degree of pertness, which passes for wit. The beaux resemble the genus elsewhere, in having a remarkably weak understanding. They have no vicious propensities, however: they take it out in voluminous shirt-ruffles, and ogling the pretty dears at church. They luxuriate in long, flowing locks, pink cheeks, and sparse moustaches. On Sundays and festivals, they assume blue dress-coats, and fawn or pale yellow pantaloons, and a continued succession of inane smiles. I cannot think of any more distinguishing traits of western beauism than these.

There was, some years ago, one of these rustic Brummels who was compelled, by circumstances, to lay aside his finery and hire out. He got a place under an old gentleman who, at the time Sam entered his service, was afflicted by a scorbutic affection on his hands. Sam, one evening, was eyeing them with great disgust, which the old gentleman remarking, he said:

'Samuel, I resemble Lazarus now. Do you remember him?'

'No, Sir,' answered Sam, gravely; 'he must uv left the country afore I come.'

Alas! the 'sweet simplicity' of western minds and manners will soon pass away, from the constant influx of emigrants. Even now they begin to despise log-houses, and have ambition to possess more than is sufficient for their mere animal wants of eating, drinking, and clothing. All trace of the early settlers will be swept away by the new-comers, as the face of the country is changing in their possession.

The West will be rich, but never as rich in beauty as in its pleasant time of shady woods, green prairies, and abundance of game.

Faugh! the spring breezes *now* are not laden with the scent of the wild grape and hawthorn blossoms alone. They are adulterated with smoke, steams from the slaughter-houses, and the thousand-and-one bad odors of incipient towns. We are not simple enough to call a few houses a village when we intend they shall compose a town.

My thoughts will recur to the times gone by, visions of the dear past, the merry time when the West was almost a wilderness, but a

blooming wilderness. While memory is fresh, and it is no effort to recall scenes of former years, I shall try to describe a wolf-hunt in the early days, that one memento, however trifling, may be preserved of those merry winters gone for ever.

It is a still, cold, yet sunny morning; the snow about two feet deep, with a crust hard enough to bear the dogs of every degree, not only hounds, but a couple of terriers, a bull-dog, an enormous, shaggy, black-and-white Newfoundland, and mongrels, which have a sufficient cross of hound-blood to keep them yelping on every trail, much to the annoyance of the hunters. These are all beating through the thick grove close on the river-bank, and skirting the broad, white, shining prairie.

The hunters form a curious group; mounted on every description of horse, large and small, scrub and thorough-bred, spavined and sound. The first hunter is a gigantic, broad-shouldered man, with ruddy face, keen blue eyes, and hair inclining to a reddish tinge. He is mounted on a bright bay horse with a coat of satin, a thin, arching neck, and nervous flanks. There is poor C——! — alas! he has gone to another hunting-ground now—cantering along on a vicious-looking, yet handsome, brown English pony. And I see thee, O A——, a hectic youth fresh from the East, jolted up and down on the ridgy back of a tremendous, lumbering dray-horse; trying to seem at thine ease, as with bit between his teeth he plunges through the snow, utterly regardless of the treble voice calling, '*Way, way, Sam, way!*' A right merry group of a dozen, or thereabouts, floundering through the snow.

Hark! the deep baying of the hounds comes nigher and nigher towards the end of the grove. A quick, sharp, crackling sound of frosty brush-wood, and out spring a couple of wolves, and scour along, as if their feet were winged, over the frozen plain, leaving the dogs an immense distance in the rear. As for the horsemen, 'few, few shall part where many meet.' Some of the horses have balked in the first snow-wreath. The pony has disappeared altogether in one; and poor A——'s Rosinante, vicious and frightened, has, after a short run in an opposite direction, relieved himself of his rider by pitching him over his head into a snow-bank. Some few have been more fortunate, and follow after the hounds, the tall hunter leading the way on his 'bit o' blood,' leaving the 'spilled and wounded' to return home from the disastrous spot of their 'meet.' And now lightly over the snow fly those mounted on animals of mettle; the first hunter still leading, his horse bearing him gallantly, in spite of the unusual weight, its neck stretched, and nostrils arched, and showing a stride that will soon distance the others, and gains fast upon the hounds. The most of the curs are worn out already and have given up the chase. The Newfoundland has long ago been exhausted, and the bull-dogs and terriers pant along far behind the first horse. Away, away over the billowy plains of snow; the hoarse baying of the dogs, as they gain upon the prey, breaking the frozen air, and exciting the wolves to more desperate efforts of escape in flight. There is only one horse in sight, and *he* is blown, and gallops with difficulty through the crusted snow, as it is now an hour or more since the hunt began. They reach the edge of one of those curious, deep basins so common on a western plain, and in its depths the strong weeds stand

thick and sheltering above the surface of the snow. The tired beasts rush down and crouch among the high seeds at the bottom; the panting dogs follow, their black noses tracking the ground, and their red tongues hanging out from their distended jaws. The short, loud, angry bark excites the wearied horse to new efforts, and the hunter arrives at the brink of the basin in time to see the death-fight of the enemy. They fly around in circles, making a constant succession of snaps, as if their jaws were worked with a spring, taking a piece out every time their teeth close on the flesh of an unwary dog. But numbers overpower them; and a few minutes after the arrival of the hunter, bull-dogs, and terriers, they fall, fighting to the last, and are soon stretched on the ground, their clenched teeth bare and glistening, and streams of blood pouring from their torn bodies crimsoning the snow around them.

L. M.

G O O D - N I G H T W I S H E S .

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

A blessing on my babes to-night,
 A blessing on their mother;
 A blessing on my kinsmen light,
 Each loving friend and brother.

A blessing on the toiler rest;
 The over-worn and weary;
 The desolate and comfortless,
 To whom the earth is dreary.

A blessing on the glad, to-night;
 A blessing on the hoary;
 The maiden clad in beauty bright,
 The young man in his glory.

A blessing on my fellow-race,
 Of every clime and nation:
 May they partake His saving grace
 Who died for our salvation.

If any man have wrought me wrong,
 Still blessings be upon him;
 May I in love to him be strong,
 Till charity have won him.

Thy blessings on me, from of old,
 My God! I cannot number;
 I wrap me in their ample fold,
 And sink in trustful slumber.

Philadelphia, April 8th, 1852.

O U R E A R L Y Y E A R S .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

Though far from the scenes of my childhood I wander —
 The oak grove, with its stillness, its dreamy, soft light;
 The oft-trodden banks of the stream that is yonder
 Past gray granite rocks rushing, full proud of its might;
 The wide-spreading pine, to the cool of whose shadow
 I have fled from the heat of a midsummer's day;
 The hill I've oft climbed, just as morn on the meadow
 Hath peeped, to advance and smile darkness away:
 Though far from the scenes of my childhood I roam,
 My spirit oft fondly turns back to that home!

II.

Ah! youth drinks of pleasure that manhood tastes never,
 Though fortune befriend until avarice be cloyed;
 Though fame be acquired such as glitters for ever —
 All the blessings humanity knows be enjoyed.
 How lightly the heart of yon innocent dances!
 Approacheth not sorrow, pain quick passeth by:
 That this sin-darkened earth is nigh Heaven he fancies;
 His dreams are of things which are hid from *man's* eye!
 Oh! is it not true that to Infancy e'er
 The purest of Heaven's pure spirits are near?

III.

Yes! yes! and in childhood they still hover round us,
 Their influence o'er us strive aye to retain;
 When the shaft of some spirit of evil doth wound us,
 Steal into our bosoms and soften the pain.
 Alas! that man's heart should e'er flintiness borrow,
 And from out it these beings of goodness expel!
 Alas! for man's sin and its consequent sorrow,
 When he might in such freedom with happiness dwell!
 The days of his youth let him ever keep near,
 And vice's assailments he rarely may fear.

IV.

Whenever Remembrance presents to my vision
 The scenes which in childhood delighted mine eye,
 My bosom then glows with a pleasure elysian;
 The beings that watched o'er my childhood are nigh!
 Then, Memory! oft to my view be presented
 The loved things of my youth-time, the grove and the stream,
 The pine-tree, the hill—every spot I frequented
 When yet earth seemed an Eden, and joy not a dream;
 When I fancied that peace was mortality's lot,
 And that guile in this beautiful world there was not!

THE CHICKEN-CLUB.

STORIES AFTER DINNER.

ONE word will explain why the club was called the 'Chicken-Club:' The planters visited their crops twice a week on certain days, and not residing on their estates in the summer, they ordered a chicken to be killed and ready for them after looking over the crop; and as many of them planted near enough to meet at dinner, and often to look at each other's crops the same day, some one gave the familiar invitation: 'Well, gentlemen, you'll take your chicken with me to-day;' and this was done alternately through the season. The doctor of the several plantations thought it a very proper and agreeable time to make his report, and never failed to make one of the party. They were all (then as now) men of education, and many 'of travel;' and while agriculture was the leading subject, the conversation often became general, and all matters in dispute were decided by the host of the day, who was president for the occasion. And this was the simple constitution of 'the Chicken-Club.'

Thus it was with their fathers and uncles, (blessed be their memories!) but with the present generation and proprietors, any one would smile, and a hungry man rejoice, to 'take chicken' with them. It is true, the chicken is there, perhaps half-a-dozen of them; but in the drains of our rice-fields, from June to frost, are found in great abundance the 'soft-shell,' which, under the skilful compounding and practised tasting of the doctor, makes a plate of soup that throws the chicken and all his feathered kindred into the shade of shades; that no man, Major-General or not, could be *hasty* in enjoying, but rather would rally, and charge again; that satisfies, but fills not, leaving your digestion quickened only for dishes yet uncovered, and gives them a subdued flavor and a relish, like lemon to a pudding. Now-a-days, also, a lamb is killed, and a quarter is retained for the club, while the other is sent home for the family, the *fore* being distributed to the sick and the old. Green peas, and corn, and vegetables of every description, abound in well-cultivated gardens in the ever-dry squares, and rock-fish and trout at the mouths of the river-trunks are caught without trouble by the winders; hams of their own curing, and juicy as a peach; and in the early harvest the bird of all birds, the rice-bird. This, I think all will admit, is an improvement upon the time-honored chicken. The wine which the old gentlemen boasted in their cellars, is now toasted at the table, though in the moderation of extreme propriety, it being their habitual observance, and prudent withal, having to return to their wives in the evening. A good cigar, and a story from the doctor, who is always ready, adjourns the club for the day.

NUMBER ONE.

'OUR conversation, gentlemen, a few moments since, on *destiny*, brought to mind an incident of my life in which my fate, as predicted by an old

fortune-teller, was near being fulfilled, which I will tell you, and also the singular manner of my escape:

'In my infancy, I was called the 'little cub,' not from any rudeness of temper, or clumsy extremities, (for I enjoyed the common reputation of being 'a very fine child,') but from this circumstance: My father had a fancy for pets of all kinds, and among them was a well-grown bear, as tame and gentle as a kitten; and during the height of the hurricane of 1804, while the family were retreating from the dwelling to the kitchen for greater safety, it being lower to the ground and a stronger frame, my nurse was blown over with me in her arms, and in the fury of the storm, and the blackness of darkness, she lost her hold of me, and I could not be found. The family had reached the kitchen, and was soon followed by my nurse, screaming higher than the wind; but her terror and that of my parents was gone in a moment, for the bear stepped in, walking uprightly, and holding me safely and softly in his embrace. Hence, for many years after, I was known in the family and the village as the 'little cub.' Now this, with all the perishable record of nursery-tales, had passed out of my memory, when I was most disagreeably reminded of it; and I introduce it because it furnishes the key to my story. While a student at Philadelphia, I accompanied two young ladies from Georgia, then finishing their education at a boarding-school, to a 'fortune-teller' in Callowhill-street, who had great notoriety for her wonderful disclosures of the past, and fulfilment of her predictions for the future. I need not say that I went merely for the pleasure of waiting upon the girls, and to gratify them, for they had been looking to the appointment impatiently, and were full of rose-colored anticipations in the coming examination of their fair but treacherous palms. We were admitted separately into her presence; and when it came to my turn, I stood before the prophetess with the same indifference I would before an owl, which she very much resembled. She noticed this, and was angry, for she expected great awe and deference. She took my right hand and traced its lines minutely, then consulted her chart, and with much form and solemnity pronounced 'my fortune.' I paid the accustomed fee, and laughed in her face. She sprang from her seat and caught my left hand; hers was cold and trembling with rage. She made a hasty survey, and then darting at me a look of black revenge, she muttered between her snake-like teeth: 'Your life was saved by a bear, and it will be taken by a bear! Now go!' said she, and she waved her bony arm toward the door. But I was motionless, pale, and confounded. She saw my discomfiture, and in turn she giggled in my face, and left me to my reflections. I recovered in a few minutes from the amazement in which she left me, and joined the young ladies in the reception-room. I found Mary very happy, and Jane very sad and in tears. Mary controlled her joy in sympathy for her companion, and we left the house in silence, nor was it broken until we reached the seminary. We rested on the steps, and told our fortunes to each other. Poor Jane tried to laugh at my pleasant prospects, and I took my leave.

'I graduated the following spring, and returned to Georgia. The young ladies also completed their course, and returned to their homes. It is useless to say I was not annoyed at the old woman's allusion to

my infant adventure, for it happened a thousand miles off, and twenty years before, and I had almost forgotten it myself. More important matters, however, engaged my attention, and, regarding it only as something very singular, I dismissed it from my mind. Ten years after, I was present at an inauguration-ball at Milledgeville, and among the gay, fashionable assemblage of ladies, I was delighted to see my Philadelphia friend, Mary; she was leaning upon the arm of a distinguished member of Congress, whom I knew very well, and with that ease and confidence which at once assured me he was her husband. I took the earliest opportunity to approach her and renew our acquaintance. She seemed sincerely glad to meet me, and, as was natural with friends separated for so long a period, our inquiries were directed to our histories in the intervening time. She told me she had crossed the water, had seen strange people, and heard strange languages, for her father had taken his family with him while minister at a foreign court; that she had lost a near relative, (her mother;) had married young, and the man of her choice, and a statesman whom the people were pleased to call distinguished; 'all of which, you will remember, was predicted for me on our visit to Callowhill-street, to the very letter;' and she added, hurriedly, 'You have heard of poor Jane? She went step by step, as was foretold for her on that same evening. She had many suitors, married injudiciously, was neglected and almost deserted; lived unhappily, and died young. Is it not strange?' she asked; then looking earnestly at me, she said: 'Do you ever think of that dreadful bear?'

'I left Milledgeville a few days afterward, and, having no travelling companion, I thought a great deal of what I had heard from Mary, and determined, if extreme prudence and caution would avail any thing, I would at least falsify the old hag's prediction in regard to myself. And I confess, gentlemen, in your repeated bear-hunts nothing could have tempted me to join you. But with all my management to avoid my threatened destroyer, I was fairly caught at last. One morning, when returning from one of the upper plantations, and passing the western angle of Colonel Dick's river-bank, I heard a piercing scream of distress; and it was repeated again and again. The negro who was paddling the canoe exclaimed: 'Master, what's that?' And again the cry rung in our ears. I directed him to paddle up quickly to the spot; and taking up my rifle, (which I always carry in alligator-season,) I jumped ashore and ran down the bank a hundred yards or more, until opposite the spot from which the screams proceeded. I was excited by curiosity to discover the sufferer and the hope to relieve him; and I leaped into the swamp and forced my way in some distance, when I came to an open space, and in the middle of it were two dogs and a wild-cat in desperate conflict. I recognized at once the scream of the cat, which is more like the human than any other animal. I enjoyed the fight exceedingly, which ended in favor of the dogs. The cat was prostrate between them, and they sat very near each other, panting, and watching any signs of returning life, to seize him again, seeming to know his deceitful and nine-life character; but he was dead. In the next moment the *dogs* were struck dead by an alligator with one sweep of his tail. I had not seen him before, as he lay concealed in the thicket close to the combatants. He whirled around,

and facing his victims, he seemed to enjoy the prospect of the meal before him ; but he was not to realize it, for I was but ten yards distant, and, levelling my rifle, I sent a bullet through his heart. There was a log near by me, and I sat down to review the scene of death that had transpired in so short a time around me ; and this version of the children's story of the 'bread and butter' came unbidden to my mind : 'Where's the cat? The dogs killed him. Where's the dogs? The alligator killed them. Where's the alligator? The Doctor killed him. Where's the Doctor? Ah! that's sufficient,' I thought, 'for the present ;' and was rising from the log to return, when I heard a rustling noise behind me, and to my horror I saw a monstrous she-bear with two cubs approaching me, and directly between me and the boat. She stopped, and, growling, seemed to say : 'Now your time's come. Your life was saved by a bear, and it will be taken by a bear.'

'You will understand my feelings, gentlemen. My rifle was empty, there was no time to reload, and I was otherwise unarmed and alone, for the negro, as soon as I left the boat, had turned his face to the sun and gone to sleep. I hallooed for him, but in vain. *My* 'fortune,' like my Callowhill companions', was evidently about to be fulfilled. I felt too young to die. I had every reason to wish to live, and shuddered at the inglorious and miserable manner of my death.

'You all know the nature of these animals : they will run from a man, (or rather walk away from him,) unless wounded, or in defence of their young ; and in my case, the bear no doubt looked at the field of the slain, and charged me with the whole 'bill of mortality,' and with the intention of adding her cubs. I would have been too happy to have undeceived her. But on she came, backing her short ears and showing her terrible teeth, rearing up, first to the right and then to the left, but never taking her fiery eyes off of mine until almost in reach of me, when she threw open her arms. I had my rifle ready with both hands round the small of the breech, (the barrel-end being the heaviest,) and as she made the next step I let her have it with all my strength directly on her steeple. She recoiled a little, but before I had time to repeat the blow I was pinioned in the dreaded hug. She seemed to know me, and adjusted her hold so as more effectually to secure my hands, fearing, perhaps, I might come the science over her by dividing an artery. I felt the powerful but gradual squeeze, and knew too well that my lungs, once emptied of breath, would never be filled again. I looked for the last time, as I thought, upon the blue sky, and the green woods above and around me ; thought of the pleasant world I was about to leave, and the uncertain one beyond, (with no very comforting assurances, I'm sorry to say,) and had fairly given up, when, crack ! went a rifle within five paces of us. I felt the bear quiver throughout her whole frame ; her blazing eyes flickered for a second, then were fixed, and a film passed over them ; her limbs relaxed ; she settled on her haunches, and rolled over on her back.

'I was saved by an accurate shot from Colonel Dick, who, with a trusty servant, had gone out that morning in chase of the bear, which had been seen by his negroes in the field. His dogs were put upon the

track, but left it for the trail of the cat, whose screams had attracted him as well as myself.

'All was said and done between us as your own minds will suggest as natural and proper upon such an occasion; and I returned with the Colonel and took my chicken with him.'

T H E A R I S T O C R A C Y O F F R A N C E .

BY THE HON. GEORGE SYDNEY SMYTHE.

I

OH, never yet was theme so meet for roundel or romance
 As the ancient aristocracy and chivalry of France;
 As when they went for Palestine, with Louis at their head,
 And many a waving banner, and the oriflamme outspread;
 And many a burnished galley with its blaze of armor shone
 In the ports of sunny Cyprus and the Acre of St. John:
 And many a knight who signed the cross, as he saw the burning sands,
 With a prayer for those whom he had left in green and fairer lands.
 God aid them all, God them assail; for few shall see again
 Streams like their own, their azure Rhone, or swift and silver Seine.
 God aid him, the first baron, the first of Christendom!*
 God aid the MONTMORENCI, far from his northern home!
 And they are far from their Navarre, and from their soft Garonne,
 The lords of FOIX and GRAMMONT, and the Count of CARCASSONE;
 For they have left, those southron knights, the clime they love so well,
 The feasts of fair Montpellier, and the Toulouse carousel,
 And the chase in early morning, when the keen and pleasant breeze
 Came cold to the cheek, from many a peak of the snowy Pyrenees;
 And they have vowed that they will vie with the Northmen in the plain,
 With DE JOINVILLE, and with ARTOIS, and with THIBAUT of Champagne;
 But of them all might none compare, how great and grand his line,
 With that young knight who bore in fight the blazon of SERGINE:†
 Nor one could boast, of all that host that went against the Moor,
 So fair a feat, or one so meet for praise from troubadour.
 He clove his way where Louis lay, with the Moslemin around—
 He clove his way through all the fray, and bore him from the ground:
 And thus he earned a prouder name than herald ever gave,
 The foremost of the foremost, and the bravest of the brave.

* 'DIEU aide au premier Baron CHRETIEN,' the well-known MONTMORENCI motto. The device of the great Constable of that name is better worth remembering: '*Noblesse Oblige*:' Nobility has its duties.

† 'Of all the King's men-at-arms, there was only one with him, the good knight, Sir GEOFFREY DE SERGINE, and who, I heard say, defended him in like manner as a faithful servant defends the cup of his master from flies; for every time the Saracens approached the King, he guarded him with vigorous strokes of the blade and point of his sword, and it seemed as if his strength was doubled.'—JOINVILLE.

II.

Oh, never yet was theme so meet for roundel or romance
 As the ancient aristocracy and chivalry of France;
 As when they lay before Tournay, and the Grand Monarque was there,
 With the bravest of his warriors, and the fairest of his fair;
 And the sun, that was his symbol, and on his army shone,
 Was in lustre and in splendor and in light itself outdone;
 For the lowland and the highland were gleaming as of old,
 When England vied with France in pride, on the famous Field of Gold;
 And morn, and noon, and evening, and all the livelong night,
 Were the sound of ceaseless music and the echo of delight:
 And but for VAUBAN's waving arm and the answering cannonade,
 It might have been a festal scene in some Versailles arcade;
 For she was there, the beautiful, the daughter of MONTEMART,
 And her proud eyes flashed the prouder for the roaring of the war:
 And many a dark-haired rival,* who bound her lover's arm
 With a ribbon, or a ringlet, or a kerchief for a charm;
 And with an air as dainty, and with a step as light
 As they moved among the masquers, they went into the fight.
 Oh! brave they went, and brave they fought, for glory and for France,
 The LA TREMOILLE, and the NOAILLES, and the COURTENAY of Byzance;
 And haughty was their war-cry as they rushed into the field,
 The DE NARBONNE and DE TALLEYRAND in Castilian on each shield;
 And well they knew, DE MONTESQUIEU, and ROHAN, and LORAINÉ,
 That a bold deed was ever sure high lady's smiles to gain;
 For none were loved with such true love, or wept with so true a tear,
 As he who lived a courtier, but who died a cavalier.

III.

Oh, never yet was theme so meet for roundel or romance
 As the ancient aristocracy and chivalry of France;
 As now they lie in poverty, and dark is their decline:
 For the sun that shone so long on them, it now hath ceased to shine.
 And the mighty house of BOURBON, that made them what they were,
 Kneels humbly at the Austrian's feet, beneath the Austrian's care.
 And the nineteenth LOUIS knows not France; and his queen, she never sees
 Her soft St. Cloud, her Rambouillet, her solemn Tuileries;
 And the revel, and the pageant, and the feast that were of yore,
 And courtly wit and compliment—these things are now no more,
 Save in some old man's memory, who loves to ponder yet
 On LAMBALLE's playful jesting, and the smile of ANTOINETTE,
 And bids his son remember how the middle classes reign
 In the Basilie of monarchs, and the nobles' old domain!
 For *these* they have lost all things save their honor and their names,
 CHATEAUBRIAND, and DE BREZE, and STUART of Fitzjames,
 And LEVIS, and LA ROCHEJACQUELIN, and the brave and blameless few,
 Like DE BIRON and DE LUXEMBOURG, the loyal and the true:
 Then, though their state be fallen, all Europe cannot show
 Such glory as was theirs of old, such glory as is now.
 For they themselves have conquered, themselves they have foregone,
 And they their own relinquish, till the King shall have his own.
 Then grant, God grant, that day may come, and long shall it endure,
 For the poor will find good friends in those who have themselves been poor;
 And the Noble, and the People, and the Church alike shall know
 A Christian King of France, in King HENRY of Bordeaux.

* MADAME DE MONTESPAN WAS gifted with that rarest of beauties, light hair, with dark black eyes and eye-lashes.

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS OF DIVERSE MEMBERS OF THE FUDGE FAMILY.

—
RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.
—

CHAPTER NINTH.

NEW PERSONAGES APPEAR.

— ‘To these savages I was addicted,
To search their natures, and make odd discoveries.’

BEN JONSON.

It would be pleasant to learn how many plans of worldly fortune had been conceived and matured upon the easy cushions of a church-pew. I have a doubt if the old-fashioned oaken benches which still belong to the noblest of the Anglican churches favor, to the same degree, those imaginative forays into the world of speculation and of gain, which beguile the worshipper in our metropolitan churches.

It would be sad to estimate the hits in Dauphin or Harlem which have been arranged between the collect and the final blessing: and it would be still more frightful to compute the besiegements of guileless hearts which have been plotted under the reading of the Decalogue.

In the world we are engrossed with action. Sunday hours afford those quiet breathing-places, when the harassed soul surveys past triumphs, and contemplates future conquest. This is a harsh reading, I will allow, of Sabbath occupation; but I fear it is only too true. The best remedies that I know of are good sermons; and after these, a good and a modest habit of life.

Mrs. FUDGE has her weaknesses; few women are without them. If I were to say that she had a weakness for elegant young gentlemen, I do not know that I should be very far out of the way. It is a failing of the sex.

The particular object which just now riveted the attention of Mrs. FUDGE, and which called for a partial adjustment of her own and her daughter's hat-strings, was no less a person than the young gentleman who had made his appearance upon the deck of the steamer upon which GEO. WASHINGTON had sailed for Europe; and who, by subsequent advices, had indulged with that young gentleman in a few games of piquet. If Mrs. FUDGE and daughter had admired his person on that occasion, (as there is reason to believe,) it is hardly necessary to add that both were enraptured with him on his appearance in the seat of those very elegant people, the SPINDLES.

The SPINDLES indeed were rare people—subjects of considerable study, and not a little envy, with the FUDGES. The SPINDLES seemed to have a natural aptitude for dress: some people indeed seem born with all the adaptation to stays and stomachers which belongs to the revolving figures of those enterprising hair-dressers opposite Bond-street. The SPINDLES are among these. I doubt if the hair-dresser himself could

have improved their figures in any respect for window-models. They are reputed very wealthy; their father being a heavy broker. They have a country-seat, speak French, polk liberally, read the opera librettos from the Italian side, speak with moderation of DANIEL WEBSTER or KOSSUTH, ecstatically of PARODI or ALBONI, and of course are highly fashionable.

It is natural that MRS. SOLOMON FUDGE should admire them, (although she does talk about them outrageously;) and it is, moreover, natural that she should feel a keen interest in the young gentleman, who, beside having been a companion of her darling WASH., was now luxuriating in what she considered as the very meridian of fashionable splendor.

Mrs. FUDGE observes, after a series of reconnoitring glances, (in which she is very careful not to catch the eye of the SPINDLES,) that the young man is of a genteel figure; that his coat is remarkably short-tailed, (excellent taste;) that his cravat has the so-called Parisian tie; that his eye is mild, as if he were of a yielding temperament; and that his forehead, though somewhat low, is balanced by a very happy parting of the hair behind the head.

Miss WILHELMINA observes that he wears a large bunch of charms to his watch-chain; that his mouth is lighted up with a very lively-colored moustache; that he is of good height for a dancing-partner; that he pays little attention to the Miss SPINDLES, (by which she judges him accustomed to elegant society;) and, what pleases her still more, that he seems, by one or two eager glances thrown in her direction, to have a lively recollection of her face.

Miss WILHELMINA concludes from these observations that he must be a delightful person; that he is probably not in love, at least not with the SPINDLES; and that he drives a fast trotter. Mrs. FUDGE, on her part, decides that he is a young man of 'good position,' and possibly of expectations; at any rate, a very desirable acquaintance for herself and daughter. Mr. FUDGE himself, if attention had been called to the young gentleman, would have indulged only in a pleasant comparison between young men generally, and his own dignity as former Mayor; from this he would have recurred to the sermon of his friend the Doctor, giving such earnestness to the hearing as would not interfere with a grateful and pervading sense of his own dignity and distinction.

There are those in the city who remember, some of them to their cost, an old brokerage firm of SPINDLE and QUID. SPINDLE and QUID held very high moneyed rank; their dealings at the board were extensive. Embarrassments, however, after a time, ensued: assignments were made in a quiet, orderly way; Mrs. SPINDLE, of course, retaining her house, carriage, and opera-box; and the creditors generally retaining the paper of SPINDLE and QUID. Arrangements, however, were soon made for a renewal of business under the name of EZEKIEL SPINDLE; QUID retiring. All claims upon the firm were referred to Mr. QUID, who had retired, no one knew where. The credits of the firm were managed by Mr. SPINDLE, as agent for the old house.

It is supposed by many that an understanding still exists between SPINDLE and QUID, although of what precise nature it is impossible to say. Wall-street partnerships are generally somewhat involved. Too

searching a curiosity is found only to increase the fog which belongs to such arrangements, and sometimes even to dissolve the firm altogether. The fact, however, that some connection still existed, seemed to be confirmed by the easy circumstances in which young QUID — no other than the short-coated gentleman already subjected to Mrs. FUDGE's observation — appeared to move.

Outsiders and simple-minded persons, knowing only that Mr. QUID senior, if he still existed, was a broken broker, would have wondered at the pleasant and affluent style in which Mr. QUID junior was observed to amble along upon the high-road of life. There are many young men about town, I observe, who suggest similar wonder. Opera-gloves, hacks, club quarterly acquittals, and dress-circle tickets, are purchasable, for the most part, with ready money only. And yet a vast many, without any apparent means of support, either on their own or their father's score, do certainly indulge in these luxuries in a singularly liberal manner.

It is whispered, indeed, that a large interest in a certain nameless concern was long ago assigned over to Mrs. QUID, upon whose death the property fell to QUID junior; and furthermore, that the indulgent parent is now living on a very humble pittance, eked out by the thriving son. Whether this be true or not, we shall probably have the opportunity of determining before our observations are complete.

Young QUID is clearly a man of the world: he is a member of a metropolitan club, at which his dues are very much cut down by a happy knack he possesses at whist or *écarté*. He has an eye for the arts; reasons well upon the comparative merits of ballet-dancers, and has his room set off with several naked statuettes of agreeable proportions, arranged upon plaster brackets. He has also prettily-engraved portraits of the horse Bostona, of Lady Suffolk, and of Celeste. His books are various, numbering a paper-covered Tom Jones, apparently much read; a well-bound Youatt on the Dog; a copy of Count d'Orsay, of Lalla Rookh, and a small volume of poetical quotations. He has also a French and Italian phrase-book; he is on familiar terms with some of the better-known barbers of the town, and will sometimes crack a word or two of Italian in their company, not extending, however, usually beyond '*buon giorno*,' or '*faccia la barba*,' or '*una ragazza dulcissima*.' All this dignifies very much his presence, and enhances largely his consideration as a man of the world.

He is fond of mentioning incidentally his dinners at the *Trois Frères*, or the *Café de Paris*, and his adventures, of a very superior character, at the *Ranelagh*, or the *Bal masqué*. The countesses he has met with on these occasions are exceedingly numerous; and the tears they must have shed at his desertion are almost frightful to contemplate. He has also a large and glowing record of similar adventures (reserved for the ear of his particular friends) in his own comparatively new country.

He enjoys the acquaintance of sundry English and French gentlemen, but not, as I am aware, of any Hungarians or Poles. His sympathies are wide, but aristocratic. He sometimes dines with a Londoner at the club, an agent, possibly, for some Manchester print-house, who pretends to a familiarity with steeple-chases, who has followed Sir RALPH DINGLEY's hounds down in Kent, and who has sometimes taken a tandem drive to

the races, on a Derby day. Young QUID learns from such pleasant association that the Earl of Derby is 'an exceedingly clever man;' that clerk is pronounced *clark*; and that the Americans are an odd, but enterprising people. The opinion is, I believe, a general one among travelling cockneys.

If our reader could fancy himself for a moment within hearing of some such entertainment as I have hinted at, his ears would be beguiled with very much the style of talk that follows:

Young Quid. 'Juicy beef, Sir.'

Cockney. 'Ay, very good, I de'say, to be sure: but you should taste — er — the mottled beef down in — er — Somersetshyre. A friend of mine — er — Sir GUY SPINKS, very odd gentleman — er — invited me down; I assure you —'

Mr. QUID takes wine with his cockney friend.

Quid, (wiping his mouth.) 'And SPINKS.'

Cockney. 'Oh! ay; clever fellow is SPINKS — er — gentleman-like. You see he had invited me down to — er — what d'ye call 'em? (lifting his hand) — oh yes — er — battue.'

Quid. 'A what?'

Cockney. 'Oh, ay, you don't know. A battue is — er — company of men shooting; taking it bye and large — er — dangerous sport.'

Quid, (filling the glasses.) 'Ah?'

Cockney. 'Very dangerous, to be sure — er — random shots; carried off a few — er — mustard-seed in my own leg, and nearly did for Sir GUY.'

Quid. 'How so?'

Cockney. 'Oddly enough, to be sure. Sir GUY and myself, do you see, had a — er — bet upon the number of birds killed. A covey was sprung just at my feet. Sir GUY — er — was in the cover. My charge struck him in the — er — left thigh.'

Quid. 'Possible!'

Cockney. 'To be sure. He called me to him in the evening.'

'How do we stand, DOBBS?' said he.

'Five dozen, nine birds each,' said I.

'DOBBS,' said he, 'do you think you could have killed with this cursed charge?' (laying his hand on his thigh.)

'Doubtful,' said I.

'D — me, it's a drawn bet,' said he.

'But he didn't get out for — er — six weeks. Dangerous sport.'

The manifest interest of Mrs. FUDGE in young QUID must excuse these detailed observations upon his habit and associations; and they will prove the more excusable from the fact that Mr. QUID is destined to hold a somewhat conspicuous place in the future observations of that attractive girl, Miss WILHELMINA.

Mrs. FUDGE remembers that her cousin TRUMAN has had commercial dealings with the house of SPINDLE. She sees in this connection a channel opening toward gracious interviews, and congratulates herself in advance upon the attachment of so distinguished a young gentleman as Master QUID to the train of the youthful WILHELMINA.

I know that it is against all ordinary rule to throw out such hints, by

way of anticipating my catastrophe. But I trust that, as these papers form together only the unvarnished observations of divers FUDGES — and as no story is intended — I trust, I say, that whatever of continuity or plot may appear in their progress, will be considered rather as the accident of exuberant narrative, than as the result of any insidious design in the direction of fiction.

CHAPTER TENTH.

KITTY AND HER NEW FRIENDS.

'KING JAMES used to call for his old shoes. They were easiest for his feet. So old friends are often the best.'

Selden.

It is pleasant to revert again to the modest and gentle face of our little friend KIRRY. My inclination will draw me toward her, away from the soberer subjects of my story, very often. It is so vastly agreeable, after one has wearied himself in studying the puppet-like expressions and changes which the business or the wanton of the city create, to give their eyes the freedom of a sweet girl-face, where blushes chase away the annoyance of every annoying word, and a lily-white pallor tells every shock of a troubled heart.

For three or four days KIRRY has been in the great city, wondering, admiring, half sorrowing through it all. It is so new; it is so strange! The noise is so great, the people so many, the houses are so tall!

The FUDGES have received her kindly. At least the widow FUDGE, who is *such* a neat, quiet old lady, in black bombazine, with such white collar and cuffs; and her hair, half gray, is so neatly parted under a very snowy cap; and then, she has such a kind way, kissing little KIRRY first upon the forehead and then upon the cheek; and then, as if that were not enough, taking her head between her hands, and kissing her fairly and honestly, just where such a face as KIRRY's should be kissed.

Beside all, the widow FUDGE is such a house-keeper, with such capital servants, and every thing seems just in the place it should be in, and as if dirt and disorder could not possibly come near the prim widow FUDGE.

It has frequently struck me that such ladies of the old school of house-keepers are always in the luck of finding good servants; whereas, your slatternly, half-and-half people are always quarrelling about their slut of a BETTY, or a filthy serving-man. It is a curious fact, and one about which I have long intended to consult our club-steward.

The girls, JEMIMA and BRIDGET, (rather old girls, to be sure,) are delighted with KITTY. They frolic around her like playful cats, one seizing her mantilla, and the other her hat; and again, her gloves, and her little fur-trimmed over-shoes, and her muff, until nothing is left of KIRRY but her gray travelling-dress and her own sweet face and figure. Thereupon nothing is to be done but to kiss over again, (they were not to be blamed,) and again and again, until KIRRY was perfectly exhausted of kisses; utterly rifled, with no strength to receive kisses any longer, much less to kiss back again.

Whether a little of all this was not entered into to pique the worthy TRUMAN BODGERS, Esquire, who stood by with a very lackadaisical expression, sometimes screwing up his mouth, from very sympathy, into a

kissing shape, I cannot tell. I know it is not an unusual artifice to tease quiet bachelors, and ladies should be ashamed of it.

Then, KITTY must be shown the room, and the house, and the little garden in the rear, and the new books, and the last year's presents, and the fall style of bonnet, and a new Kossuth work-bag, and a bottle of ALBONI salts, beside a rich bit of crewel-work of BRIDGET's, which JEMIMA classically calls her *magnum opus*.

The new masters for KITTY are to be talked over. There is Monsieur PETIT, a Parisian, who is a delightful little man, and always so cheerful. But he is not perhaps so good a teacher (at least JEMIMA, who is a judge of French, thinks so) as *Mademoiselle* ENTRENOUS, who has been unfortunate; was of a noble family; is reduced: and so lady-like, and with such a melancholy expression of countenance, that really JEMIMA quite pitied her, and had at one time conceived a sort of DAMON-and-PYTHIAS friendship for her, and written sonnets to her which *Mademoiselle*, not being able to read, wept over.

As for music, there was Monsieur HANSTIHIZY, a delightful pale Pole, who sang bewitchingly, and all the girls were dying (so said BRIDGET) of love for him. He had been wounded, too, deeply in some action, at some time, for some very patriotic cause. He was so conciliating too; and explained the European pictures so well. Beside, he had been spoken of in the *Home Journal*, and was in the very best society.

Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE and WILHELMINA, perhaps to humor the regard of Mr. BODGERS, and perhaps from a sense of duty, made an early call upon KITTY in the claret carriage, with the white horses. The cousins had not met since they were girls together, years ago. KITTY could not but admire the step and manner of WILHELMINA, as she skipped from the carriage. It was eminently juvenile, and even playful, beside being gracious, springy, and genteel. They, moreover, dropped very elegant, patronizing kisses upon KITTY's forehead as they met her; hoping she was well, and thinking she looked *very* well; and hoping her mamma was well, interrupted by a sigh from Mrs. FUDGE, and a melancholy ejaculation of 'Poor Susy!' in a tone which might have led a stranger to suppose that her sister Susy was condemned to the pillory for life.

The aunt and cousin were glad to see KITTY, they said, and hoped she would enjoy herself, in a way that made KITTY very much fear she never should. Never had KITTY seen such a silk as her aunt SOLOMON was wearing: aunt SOLOMON surmised this at least, from the expression of KITTY's eyes, and it pleased her. She felt her heart warming toward KITTY. Never had KITTY seen such a magnificent bonnet as her cousin happened to be wearing; and although she contained her admiration, WILHELMINA saw it, saw it plainly, and felt, in spite of herself, an inclination toward KITTY in consequence.

It was a matter of additional surprise to our country friend that BRIDGET and JEMIMA wore a very subdued and dignified air in the presence of Aunt SOLOMON; and furthermore, that they were by no means so *empressées* in their manner toward WILHELMINA as toward herself; a fact which will puzzle her very much less when she comes to see more of the world. Mrs. and Miss FUDGE would be very happy to see KITTY at their house, and, if convenient, BRIDGET and JEMIMA. At all which,

KITTY, in her naïve manner, expressed herself very thankful, and 'would surely come.' The Misses FUDGE, on the other hand, 'would be very happy,' but looked uncommonly as if they meant the other way.

Now, with all the love that KITTY feels she ought to bear toward her aunt SOLOMON and WILHELMINA, she certainly does experience relief at their leave-taking; and she thinks of them, thinking as kindly as she can, 'Elegant ladies:' nothing more can come to KITTY's thought. And to tell the truth, it is all the impression they have sought to create. Courage! Mrs. FUDGE and daughter; you are driving hard in your claret carriage toward elegant society!

There are neighbors of the Misses BRIDGET and JEMIMA, to whom I have already alluded; specially the retired grocer opposite. Neither of the young ladies speak of this gentleman to KITTY — a remarkable and significant fact.

Their landlord, however, and next-door neighbor, KITTY has met. He was said at one time to show attention to JEMIMA: he probably did not continue such attention for a long time, as will be inferred from his usual very characteristic dispatch, herein exhibited.

His name is BLIMMER. Mr. BLIMMER is an enterprising, indefatigable, middle-aged, voluble man. He is the founder and chief proprietor of that elegant new town, called Blimmersville, delightfully situated upon the shores of Long-Island Sound, at an easy distance from the business part of the city, and offering a quiet rural home to those whose avocations or inclinations induce them to leave behind them, for a while, the dust and heat of the city, and to enjoy the salubriousness of a rarefied country air, convenient to accessible salt-water bathing. (I have ventured to quote, in this connection, a few paragraphs from Mr. BLIMMER's own programme:)

— 'A town, it may be remarked, which is yet honored with but two small and tasteful suburban residences, but which is on the high-way to prosperity, and will soon be adorned with a multitude of desirable houses, from the costly mansions of the opulent to the tasteful humility of the small trader, interspersed with churches whose spires will rise to heaven, and with shops for all such as prefer to buy their groceries in the country.'

Mr. BLIMMER is an active man — a very active man. He is never easy, unless under pressure. He keeps the steam up. If he sits down, he twirls the chair next him, and talks. If he stands, he gesticulates violently, and talks. If he rides, he threshes the reins upon his beast, emphasizes with his elbows, and talks. He has no charity and no fellow-feeling for men who sit still. He has always a pocket full of papers, half of them programmes, and has always a fuller schedule, more satisfactory, at the office. He is always on the way to Blimmersville, or just arrived from Blimmersville. He cuts his beef-steak into town-lots, and dines and digests Blimmersville. He is familiar with many subjects, and talks with great glibness; he makes every subject bear on Blimmersville. His main object in life is to interest people in Blimmersville; not for the sake of profit, but because satisfied that no man in the world can be thoroughly happy without buying a lot and building a suburban mansion (plans furnished gratis) at Blimmersville. His advertisements are

in every ferry-boat, and his longings are in every breeze that wafts toward Blimmersville.

He seeks to interest clergymen in the growth of a new town, where the delights and purity of Eden will be revived. He offers the clergymen lots (very eligible) at half-price; and shows, upon the diagram, the probable site of the church, and of the town-pump of Blimmersville.

Mr. BLIMMER meets KITTY gladly: he always meets strangers gladly. He wishes to know if her mother or father (if living) think of moving into the neighborhood of the city. He should be gratified, some pleasant day, in accompanying her, with her friends BRIDGET and JEMIMA, to Blimmersville. He thinks they would be interested in viewing the site: a lovely spot, embracing wide ocean-views, charming expanse of lawn, interspersed with diversified copses shading the meadows, where may be seen at certain seasons the 'lowing kine.'

KITTY conceives, from the character of Mr. BLIMMER, her first idea of metropolitan enterprise; very superior to good, quiet Uncle BODGERS; very to HARRY FLINT!

And KITTY is lost in admiration, after only three days of city life; in admiration of the shops, the people, the dresses — every thing!

KITTY leans in the twilight upon the back of her chair, with the hum of the noisy world coming in a great roar to her ear. And KITTY thinks: yet very scattered, and wandering, and wayward is KITTY's thinking.

She thinks of BRIDGET: how prettily she works crewel; and if she is not old enough to be married; and if so, why she has never married; and if no body ever loved her; and if no body does love in cities (for shame, KITTY!) as they love in the country.

KITTY thinks of JEMIMA, the prim sister, and of the beautiful verses she writes; and why she has never heard of her verses in the papers; and if Miss BREMER could write better; and why (if men dared) JEMIMA too is not married.

KITTY thinks of WILHELMINA, and of her white hat trimmed with gorgeous jonquils, and of the sensation she would make in Newtown, and of the small sensation she creates here; and she wonders how much feeling (if any) is at the bottom of all her manner, and if she could love a kind old mother like hers, or the neighbors' little children, as she loves them. Then, this thought seems wrong to KITTY, and she tries to blot it out, but she cannot.

KITTY thinks of Mrs. FUDGE in her morning-wrapper of such extraordinary colors, and of her hand buried in lace, and looking smaller for the burial, and wonders if this is accidental; and she thinks of her soft carpets, and of her evening-dress, laced as it was painfully, and wonders if Mrs. FUDGE is, after all, so very, very happy.

KITTY thinks of her dignified Uncle SOLOMON, with his white cravat, and his gold-bowed spectacles, and his even, measured gait, and of his grunted replies to his wife's questionings, and of his champagne at dinner; and she tries hard to fancy how grand it must be to become a great man in the city.

KITTY thinks of her Uncle TRUMAN, and of that kind manner of his: always kind through all his roughness. She recalls pleasantly his good-

bye; and how he lingered, and pressed her hand very hard, and said, 'Kiss me, Krr.'

And how she did.

And how he said, 'Kiss me again, Krr.,' and how she kissed him again; and after that, he walked away slowly, always in that queer old brown surtout; but it wrapped, she thought, the warm heart of a good man. And she feels in her pocket for the little purse he had filled so well; and not for this, save only as a token, her heart warms toward TRUMAN BODGERS.

Then KITTY thinks of her mother, alone, in the old house. Oh, sadly alone! KITTY's thought dies here into a half-sob. The twilight deepens in the room, and KITTY peoples the coming evening with old friends, wandering with them again through the walks by the old homestead, picking roses, eyeing HARRY FLINT; twisting roses, talking with HARRY FLINT; eating roses, listening to HARRY FLINT; dropping roses, all in the twilight, by the dear old homestead!

And KITTY saddens with the floating thoughts, and bows her head lower and lower upon the back of her chair, until sleep creeps over her weary eyes and brain; and a tangled vision drifts across her dream, of Mr. BODGERS in a blue coat, with heavy golden buttons; and of HARRY FLINT, in SOLOMON FUDGE's white cravat; and of Mrs. FUDGE and daughter, driving, in a claret-colored coach, on the way toward Heaven.

S T A R - G A Z I N G .

I.

Yes, dearest, each night I have gazed on that star,
And fancied thee near me, though distant afar;
Have hoped that a place in thy thoughts I might claim,
And watched the bright star while I murmured thy name.

II.

But oft, when its radiant beams were most bright,
Auspicious, rejoicing my soul with its light,
A cloud, passing over, concealed from my view
The bright orb of heaven which bound me to you.

III.

And so, O beloved! when Hope seems most fair,
And my heart in its gladness is light as the air,
Sad doubt doth oppress me, and darkly doth roll
Its cloud of despair round the light of my soul.

IV.

The cloud passes on, and again I can see
The beautiful star that unites me to thee;
Still gazing, I hope, and still hoping, I pray
That thus may the cloud from my soul pass away.

W. H.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF ANECDOTES OF LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS. By KAZLITT ARVINE, A.M., Author of the 'Cyclopædia of Moral and Religious Anecdotes.' In one volume: pp. 698. Boston: GOULD AND LINCOLN.

THIS capacious volume, in fine type, with long double-columns, contains a copious selection of anecdotes of the various forms of literature, of the arts, of architecture, engravings, music, poetry, painting and sculpture, and of the most celebrated literary characters, and artists of different countries and ages, etc., and is quite profusely illustrated with small and rather dimly-executed wood-engravings, of which the portraits are the least valuable, if we may judge from those of IRVING and BRYANT, which might just as well have stood for BYRON and THOMAS CARLYLE, or indeed any body else. Our great prose-writer and poet might not have 'been themselves' when these 'portraits' were taken; but whoever *else* they might have been, they would have been gainers by the change. We like best that portion of the work which gives us anecdotes of writers and artists; touching which D'ISRAELI the elder, laborious in collecting and skilful in arranging them, thus speaks: 'A writer of penetration sees connections in literary anecdotes which are not immediately perceived by others: in his hands, anecdotes, even should they be familiar to us, are susceptible of deductions and inferences, which become novel and important truths. 'We yield to fact, when we resist speculation.' For this reason, writers and artists should, among their recreations, be forming a constant acquaintance with the history of their departed kindred. How many secrets may the man of genius learn from literary anecdotes; important secrets, which his friends will not convey to him. He traces the effects of similar studies; warned sometimes by failures, and often animated by watching the incipient and shadowy attempts which closed in a great work. From one he learns in what manner he planned and corrected; from another he may overcome those obstacles which, perhaps, at that very moment make him rise in despair from his own unfinished labor. What perhaps he had in vain desired to know for half his life, is revealed to him by a literary anecdote; and thus the amusements of indolent hours may impart the vigor of study; as we find sometimes in the fruit we have taken for pleasure the medicine which restores our health. How superficial is that cry of some pretended geniuses of these times, who affect to exclaim: 'Give me no anecdotes of an author, but give me his works!' I have often found the anecdotes more interesting than the works.' This is an undeniable and irrefragable position. It is certain that some of the most entertaining and even instructive works, both of the past and the present, are those colloquial and anecdotal volumes, which are not only read, but are remembered.

REMINISCENCES : PERSONAL AND OTHER INCIDENTS. Early Settlement of Otsego County: Notices and Anecdotes of Public Men: Judicial, Legal, and Legislative Matters: Field Sports, Dissertations and Discussions. By LEVI BEARDSLEY, Esquire, late of the New-York Senate, and President thereof. In one volume: pp. 575. New-York: CHARLES VINTEN, Number 100 Nassau-street.

SUCH is the comprehensive title of a volume which will secure the attention, and richly reward the perusal, of all readers who are interested in the early settlement and the public men of the Empire State. What the pioneers of central New-York were; how much they had to contend with, from the lack of physical comforts, and the impossibility of obtaining them, are well set forth in Mr. BEARDSLEY's volume; reminding us, in this regard, very much of Mrs. KIRKLAND's life-like pictures of Michigan 'short-comings,' (or 'short-commons,') in her 'New Home.' The poor woman with her iron 'skillet of all-work' had many a precedent among our early settlers. Our author's style is plain and simple, and well befits his unpretending narrative. We found ourselves marking many passages as we read, for which we rather hoped than expected to be able to find place. The sketches of persons are not less interesting than the narrative of scenes and events; and some of them are described with a *goût* that will relish as well with the reader as with the author. We make room for a description of some of the early 'preachers' of Otsego county, and would respectfully ask the author of the note signed '*Meetingmen*,' to which allusion was had in our last number, whether *such* 'clergymen' are to be clothed with much dignity by those to whom they minister:

'I ought to say something about our spiritual teachers. We had quacks and empirics in divinity, as well as in physic, during the early days of our new residence. Many straggling itinerants came among us, and would give the neighbors what was called a sermon, which might have been called any thing else just as well. There was one man, who for several years gave us the 'stated preaching of the gospel.' He was a Rhode-Island farmer, very illiterate, and known all over the country as 'old Square PRAY.' He owned a fine farm on the Unadilla river, in the present town of Winfield, and kept a poor tavern, where he sold most villainous New-England rum. Elder PRAY had his farm carried on, but did not work much himself, generally staying in the house to tend bar and see to matters relating to his tavern. On Sunday he would ride away in pursuance of previous appointments, and preach, as he called it. His education was so defective that he could hardly read his Bible intelligibly; and his preaching, if possible, was more defective still.'

'JEREDIAH PECK was a preacher as well as a politician. He was illiterate, but a shrewd cunning man. For many years he controlled the politics of the county; put up and put down whom he pleased. He had no talent as a preacher or speaker; his language was low, and he spoke with a drawling, nasal, Yankee twang, so that in public speaking he was almost unintelligible. He always had his saddle-bags with him, filled with political papers and scraps, that he distributed whenever he went from home, and then at night and frequently on Sundays would hold meeting and preach. I have always been so uncharitable as to believe his preaching resulted more from a desire to promote political than spiritual objects.'

Here follow a couple of stories touching certain Dutch justices of 'that ilk,' which illustrate the credulity, simplicity, and good nature of their subjects:

'A DUTCH justice once came to me to consult about the defence of a suit with which he had been threatened, for calling the wife of one of his neighbors a witch, and charging her with looking with an evil eye at his cows, and bewitching them. He admitted that he made the charge, and believed it true; but I told him it was hardly worth while to get into a law-suit about such a matter, and subject himself to the expense of litigation; that I knew the woman, and whether witch or not witch, I had no doubt that matters could be amicably adjusted when I saw her, which I would and did do soon; and by talking with her and her husband kindly, neighborly relations were soon restored. It will hardly be believed that so recently such things were so thoroughly believed in, and probably would have produced a law-suit and bitter quarrel had it not been adjusted. Such a law-suit would have been rich in its disclosures; and I have sometimes almost reproved myself for acting as a peace-maker, and not letting it go to court.'

'At a very early day, a Dutch magistrate, who was the father of one I have previously alluded to, had issued a warrant against a lawless neighbor, who had been brought by the constable to

answer the plaintiff's action. The justice went to a country tavern to hold his court in the bar-room, which was the only room in the house large enough for the court, jury, and attendants, and was not far from the line of the county. The defendant was a noted fighter, a hard drinker, and very much of an outlaw. He had amused himself, while the jury were being summoned, with drinking, and playing with an old dirty pack of cards on one end of the bar-room table. The jury being in attendance, the justice called the parties, and had the warrant returned, and then directed the plaintiff to state the nature of his demand; which being done, he, with great humility, and in broken English, asked the defendant, whom we will call Mr. C.: 'Well, Mr. C., what do you say to dat?' 'What do I say to that?' says the defendant; 'I say that you are a d — d old fool.' 'Oh! tut, tut,' says the justice, 'dat may very well be, Mr. C., but what has dat to do with this case?' At this stage of the proceedings, the defendant knocked down the constable, threw the cards in the justice's face, kicked over the table, and cleared out for the adjoining county, where for a long time he concealed himself; or eluded those who wanted to take him.

Another story of a Yankee justice, and we shall have reached the end of our tether, which for our readers' sake we could wish were not so limited. The transaction recorded below took place at the same tavern where the constable was knocked down:

'The old man had been with several companions on a fox-hunt, who always delighted in playing off their tricks; so coming to the tavern, they called for refreshments. The landlady had a large flock of geese, and while she was getting dinner, one of the party got some corn, and scattering it in a row, called the geese, who soon huddled along to pick up the corn. Two of the party then discharged their pieces from the tavern door, as if shooting at the geese, but intending to shoot over them. The justice prided himself on being a good shot, and having taken two or three drinks while waiting for dinner, was in excellent condition to show off his skill to the best advantage. He believed his companions had fired at the geese, but for want of skill had missed them. Stepping along to the door with his long fox-gun in his hand, he said: 'Stand away and let me try; I'll be bound I'll pepper them;' and so he did, for he knocked down nearly a dozen, which he had to pay for! This old man used to attend our annual fox-hunts. I hunted with him after he was eighty years old; and although very much affected with an almost shaking palsy, he managed to shoot a fox, although he could not for his life hold his gun steady.'

We take our leave of Mr. BEARDSLEY'S volume, which, we should add, is illustrated by a very excellent likeness of its venerable author, by recommending it to a wide perusal, as alike entertaining, amusing, and instructive.

FANCIES OF A WHIMSICAL MAN. By the Author of 'MUSINGS OF AN INVALID.' In one volume. New-York: JOHN S. TAYLOR.

THE author of the above book is evidently a man of excellent taste, talent, and culture, to which he has added the advantage of foreign travel. What he has done rather indicates what he is capable of doing. His two volumes published in quick succession show his facility, and are the *avant couriers* of a better fame. The 'Musings of an Invalid,' of the style of which we have spoken favorably, would have been better as a single paper than as a book, because one does not like to go through a book of grumblings. 'The Fancies of a Whimsical Man' is a series of short, readable, pleasant papers, written in the same nervous style as his previous book; and we cannot do it better justice than by transcribing one of the essays, already appreciated in many quarters, containing the author's impressions of BURTON'S inimitable acting in the TOODLES:

'DR. BURTON delivered his celebrated 'Toodle Lecture' again last evening, at his old headquarters, the Chambers-street College. The crowds that it keeps drawing are the best comment on this admirable discourse. This is the three hundred and thirty-fifth time that he has delivered it, and 'the cry is, 'Still they come.' There was a jam, of course. There has been nothing like it since the famous CAUDLE course. It may be objected, perhaps, that this great effort is somewhat deficient in earnestness; that the tale is a little too much adorned, and the moral not quite sharply enough pointed. It may be so. We certainly do laugh at, much more than we weep over, the backsliding TIMOTHY. And yet TOODLE cuts a very shabby, sorry figure. The exhibition he makes of himself is 'pitiful, is wondrous pitiful;' but oh! how funny, how irresistibly, how overwhelmingly funny! Could Father MATHEW himself have kept his countenance had he seen him? Nay, could a malefactor, within sight of the gallows-tree, have withheld a stray grin or two, had he met such a phenomenon on the road? It is impossible to render any justice, by description, to the merits of this elaborate, this artistic performance. Who can ever forget those most extraordinary faces and movements; those gloves with the undiscovered thumbs; that bewildering end

of his cravat, at once a mystery to himself, and a torment to Mrs. TOODLE; that fallen hat, so curiously contemplated, so faithfully tolled after, and, at last, so triumphantly secured; that touching announcement of the coffin-purchase; and, above all, those indescribable mental wanderings, relative to *that man he once knew*? 'Tis, indeed, a consummate piece of art. Is it possible that MUNDEN himself could have surpassed it? I do n't believe it. Brother BURTON may certainly lay claim to the very highest honors of his profession. Uniformly good, he is at times very, very great; a little coarse, perhaps, sometimes, but sound as a nut at bottom. Surely such a man is a great benefactor to his fellow-citizens. Who can tell how much he has contributed to their good-humor, and consequent good health? How many fits of the blues has he driven off! How many young dyspepsias has he nipped in the bud! How many mental fog-banks has he dispersed! How many suicides, perhaps, has he prevented! Long may he be spared to Gotham! Long may it continue to keep poking its half-dollars at him! Far distant be the day when that public shall say of him, or to his able coadjutors: 'None of your fun!' Meanwhile, let him 'keep it up,' lively and sparkling as his own ale!

THE HARP AND PLOUGH. By the 'PEASANT-BARD.' In one volume: pp. 204. New-York: SAMUEL HURSTON, Number 139 Nassau-street, and for sale at other Book-stores.

SIMPLICITY, genuine feeling, honest sincerity, and striking fancy, are among the prominent characteristics of this modest little volume, by Mr. JOSIAH D. CANNING. Our readers have had, for many years, occasional opportunities of perusing the effusions of the 'PEASANT-BARD' in the pages of this Magazine; and many of them have been very extensively copied in the journals of the day. The author is a young man, a practical farmer, residing in one of the pleasant towns of Massachusetts, that lie along the beautiful Connecticut river; and his 'utterances' are such as came to him at his labors in the meadow or in the harvest-field, or in foddering his 'sheep and kye' on the sunny side of his barns in a wintry day. They are fresh from an honest heart, and they will therefore reach the simple, honest hearts of others. The writer's similes are often of the most beautifully poetic character. A more perfect similitude was never made than is contained in this stanza from the '*Lament of the Cherokee*,' published many years ago in the KNICKERBOCKER:

'GREAT SPIRIT of Good, whose abode is the heaven,
Whose wampum of peace is the bow in the sky,
Wilt Thou give to the wants of the clamorous raven,
Yet turn a deaf ear to my piteous cry?'

The bow of promised peace, with the seven prismatic colors, and the wampum, braided of the same hues, and alike an emblem of peace, shows the simile as perfect as it is felicitous. We are compelled to be brief with our notice, but we would by no means have it inadequate to secure the attention of our readers. The volume is replete with good and true verse; in proof of which we charge the reader not to omit the perusal of 'Thanksgiving Eve,' the 'Vision of Poësy,' and the numerous natural rural lyrics with which the book abounds. Of the spirit in which he has written, and how and for whom he has jotted down his thoughts, the following passage from his preface will afford an inkling:

'It is while pursuing the labors of the farm, amidst the melodies of Nature and her varied scenery of mountain, flood, and field; it is amidst the vicissitudes of the seasons; the shooting blades of spring, the leafy honors of summer, the gorgeous dyes of autumn, and the drift-bearing blasts of winter; that the MUSE has blessed the author with her whispered inspirations. She saw him a scion of revolutionary patriots who 'sought with the sword placid rest under Liberty,' and bade him cherish their memory, and fan with vestal vigilance the fire of PATRIOTISM which warmed their own noble hearts. She saw him looking with pity upon the zeal of the fanatic, and with scorn upon the insolence of the vain and the hypocritical, and taking him kindly by the hand, led him far from the one, and lifted him high above the other. She bade him bow with adoration only to the great GIVER of gifts, good and perfect; the well-spring of Light, Liberty, and Happiness. She has wedded his Harp to his Plough, and in the stillness of seclusion has mingled for him the 'sweet with the useful.'

We have only to add, that the book is well and handsomely executed, upon good type and fair white paper.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'CLIFTON, A NOVEL.'—We briefly commended this work in our last number, then just published by Messrs. H. LONG AND BROTHER, Ann-street. But for the lack of available space, we should 'then and there' have accompanied our comments upon the work by the annexed spirited and characteristic extracts. Listen, in the first place, to a description of a 'colored engagement,' with its summation, which is thus announced:

"If you please, Colonel MILLER," said the overseer, "PILOT wants to marry PHILLIS."

"Is her mother willing?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Send him to me. Mr. CLIFTON, we will now visit the cotton-gin."

"Do you raise cotton, too?"

"Oh yes, a dozen acres."

"They approached a frame building, in which there were immense quantities of cotton, some of it prepared and ready for market, while a large amount had only been removed from the boll."

"The cotton-gin is almost indispensable. How did you ever do without it?"

"The process of extracting the seeds was slow and laborious. We are under great obligations to the inventor of the machine; without it we could not supply the world with cotton."

"Well, PILOT, what do you want?"

"The question was addressed to a powerful negro, who stood awkwardly twirling his hat, as he cast furtive glances at his master."

"Speak out, fellow; you have not been guilty of any misconduct, have you?"

"No, no, massa, ony Ise fallen in lub wid Miss PHILLIS."

"And you want to marry her?"

"If you please, massa, I should like to be united to her in matrimony."

"Will you make her a kind and affectionate husband?"

"Sartin, massa; I will shiel' her from de winds ob heaben."

"Very well, then, marry her. But recollect, if you do not treat her kindly, I will sell you."

"Neber fear, massa!" And the happy fellow walked off with stately dignity for a few steps; and then, unable to restrain his feelings, he exclaimed: "PHILLIS am mine!"—and then followed those feats by which an African indicates his pleasure. He threw himself upon the ground, and rolling over several times, he at last sprang up, and rapidly turned several somersets. He finished his demonstration by throwing his arms around a negro who was leaning upon a post, and squeezed him against the timber with such violence that he fairly writhed with pain.

"Slaves rarely make cruel husbands," observed Colonel MILLER; "but it is well, nevertheless, to keep them under a wholesome restraint."

The southern negroes, we are given to understand in 'Clifton,' are very 'aristocratic' in their feelings and notions. Those who belong to wealthy individuals, lawyers, successful politicians, distinguished officers, and public persons, hold themselves apart from the colored fraternity whom they consider less fortunate. This fact is well illustrated in the following passage:

"They have a mortal aversion to any one who is poverty-stricken, whether he is white or black. It is the prominent feature in the negro character. I have often been amused by the conversation of my slaves, when they thought my attention directed to something else. Hark! we will hear it illustrated now:"

"Ise tell what, SAMBO, you've been wid Miss TUCKER quite long 'nuff; you knows berry well dat her massa am extrically evolved in det, and still you will pay her 'tention."

"You mus' confess, DINAH, dat de gal am brutiful."

"And 'spose she *am*, what den? Does dat make her massa rich, consequently '*spectable*? You ought to be old 'nuff to no dat '*spectability* am ebery t'ing in dis world, and who can hab dat widout money?"

"But de gal ain't to blem 'case her massa am 'bliged to morgige all his plunder."
 "It am her misfortin, and misfortunate individuals mus' 'sociate togedder. Dey can't 'spect de hairistocrisy to elevitate dem."
 "But I seed you, DINAH, conversing wid Tom WHITE, de lorrier's man."
 "And 'spose you did? do n't he b'long to *our* set? Do n't his massa practoryze at de bar-room? You ar'n't acquainted wid noffin, SAMBO? you are a monstruss ig'rant nigger. Can't you seed dat siety makes 'strictions atween peoples who am engaged in different hoccupations? De lorrier, de rich man, de politiceener, and sufforth and sufforth, am 'sidered 'spectable, *merry* 'spectable. Fashionable persons mus' 'sociate wid each odder. Dey ain't 'spected to stoop down to do level of heverybody. Neber pull de onfashionable up to your own persition, nor try to keep up dem who war once your hequals, but who hab fallen. Oillers 'sociate wid fashionables, who am fashionable *now*."
 "Well, I do n't see, 'cause why a gal happen to b'long to a poor man, dat she should 'ceive no 'tention howsomever."
 "Dat is caze your eddication hab been ob de vulgar hordes. Now you hab been sold into a 'spectable family, you must conduct yourself as sich."
 "But how can poor nigger tell fashionable colored women?"
 "Ladies, SAMBO, ladies; you must draw 'stinction atween women and ladies. Dey ham sep'rated by a himpassable ditch. How can you tell a fashionable lady? Why, by de company she keeps! Dat's de invariable rule. And if you are ig'rant of gentil siety, cut all but dem who b'long to individuals wid whom master and missus 'sociates. Do n't I speak your sentimentality, ladies and gemblem?"
 "You hab dewined de extinction correspondingly, Miss DINAH."
 "These ladies of de ton then changed de subject of conversation."

If that brief colloquy isn't 'colored' all over, then we have mistaken its character in the perusal — 'that's all.'

A LETTER FROM 'UP THE COUNTRY.' — We commend to our readers the following free-and-easy but very graphic letter from an old and esteemed friend and favorite correspondent, who has recently removed to a pleasant little village on the banks of the Hudson, where he has 'set up his rest,' with a new wife in a new home.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'Up the Country, June 1, 1852.

'AN ingenious friend of yours, (shall I say also of mine?) the author of 'THE MORNING WATCH,' once wrote a charming account of an event which is apt to occur in households. As it was 'true to Nature,' the language came home 'familiar as Household Words' to the bosoms of those concerned; and as it was in the unwrought vein of epistolary richness, it was as pleasant as the receipt of a bank-note enclosed in a letter through the post-office. It has already been pasted in note-books, or folded up, duly endorsed with the date, and deposited in some pigeon-hole for future reference, as a document worthy of being preserved. For my own part, I only have it in memory, which is tenacious of such matters, and in a bound volume of the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, which is still more to be relied on than mere memory.

'How delightful, and beyond the value of the stamp, is a sincere letter! Newspaper creates excessive anticipation, but what is that compared with a well-known hand-writing, and a red seal broken open with avidity because we know that a message of friendship is underneath? But one gradually gets out of the habit of letter-writing. As cares multiply, and the freshness of life becomes changed to the sere and yellow leaf, the springy feeling vanishes which gave a letter its delight, and it becomes a cold and formal scrawl. For myself, dear KNICK, the notion seizes me to express myself with some degree of heart in this mode, not perennally, (as girls at boarding-school,) but annually; or rather let me say, in a bad coinage, printem-ennially. The other night, or rather morning, (for it was three by the watch which ticked under my head,) as the full, round, dry, brassy moon flooded my chamber with light, and no sleep came, I said to myself, 'I feel like writing a letter: I have not written one in a year.

It shall be to the dear friend of fifteen long years of unintermitted friendship, and I will give him an account of my first attempt at house-keeping.' An orchestra of whip-poor-wills, sparrows which sing at night; chimney-swallows, who kept up an incessant twittering overhead, and dogs baying the silent moon; raucous frogs in the near creek, crying, '*Breke-ke-kex-koax-koax!*' and one mosquito, the 'first of the season;' did not act like McMUNN's Elixir on nerves indisposed to be at rest. 'Lucifer!' At the word of incantation, a blue Will'o-the-wisp-like star hung in mid-air, and a strangulating smell of sulphur filled my nose. I sat down to write until the gray dawn, then to lie down again and sleep soundly until the smell of coffee and the tinkling bell.

'My dear C——, (*here the letter proper begins,*) if there be any luxury, it is that of being under your own roof, whether leaky or not. This sentiment is never experienced but by EXPERIENCE, and will never be more forcibly expressed than in the words of our own JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, lately deceased American Consul at Tunis, who is the author of that ever-to-be-remembered song, beginning:

'Midst pleasures and palaces though I may roam,
Be it ever so homely, there's no place like home.'

My home at present is a small, very small house, not one which I would fain occupy, but one which I must and do, and sooth to say, as good a one as at present I need. 'Wal'—to use an ordinary expression known in these parts—it hath one and a half story. It is said to be haunted, but no ghosts save those of my own thoughts have as yet troubled me, or will do so during my residence in it, as I am not particularly interested in the theory of 'spiritual rappings.' Unfortunately, as I had it well white-washed before going into it, I get rubbed every day, and, as the story above stairs is only a half story, have my hat smashed on going up, if I am such an ill-mannered idiot as to wear a hat in the house. The stairs are so precipitous that I also tumble up and tumble down. Herein the first difficulty was felt in my first attempt at house-keeping. I had an old bureau very dear to me, which I of course expected to have up stairs; but after sundry trials with it, lengthwise, and edgewise, and otherwise, the engineers stated it as their opinion that it could not go up. What were *we* to do, for this bureau was particularly needed? In a fit of ill-humor I had it deposited below, where it represents an old side-board very well. The first day's work consisted in tacking down matting, which will look very decent and respectable while the summer lasts; and in getting up bedsteads whereon to sleep during the approaching night; and in unpacking a box of crockery, so as to obtain cups and saucers, and plates, and a tea-pot, in order that we might drink tea. For a loaf of bread and some butter, and a bunch of radishes, we were indebted to the kindness of a neighbor: and the first meal in our new house, rest assured, was not without relish; nor was the first rest under our roof not sweet. On the next day bright and early, being awakened by the sound of a horn, I went out and purchased two 'shads,' one for breakfast, the other for dinner. Rest assured also, that with a cup of coffee, and bread-and-butter, and the shad, the breakfast passed off well; and in less than half an hour we received a present of a fresh bunch of asparagus and lettuce, while the butcher, passing by and perceiving a new-comer, provided us with a leg of lamb, which came in good time for a new stove just put up; and the garden was redolent with mint. Thanks! thanks! My mind was now much at ease, and I forthwith began to set my house in order, as I was not in danger of starving in the mean time, for our kind neighbors already

had their eye upon our wants. Our wants are many. There is no end to the things essential and desirable in house-keeping; and after you have anticipated all which you could think of, what a lack remains! Cullenders, and sieves, and tubs, and buckets, and pails, and nutmeg-graters, and spice-boxes, and baskets, and ropes, and cords, and rings, and clothes-pins, and nails, and tacks, and hammers, and saws, and brushes, and clothes, and no body can conjecture what else! After you have these, the demand is still the same, and we have as yet been reduced to the disagreeable necessity of borrowing much of our next neighbor, who is very kind and forbearing. Now I begin to see the responsibility of house-keeping; but after all, the main difficulty is at the start.

‘Having got fairly settled, one of my first thoughts was in the direction of the garden, at which I went to work with all the zeal imaginable, and it has already cost more than it will come to. This, however, is only reckoning by dollars and cents. For how hard it is to buy a fresh lettuce, or a cucumber just plucked from the vines; a mess of peas picked a half hour before they are cooked; a bunch of radishes pulled a moment ago from the earth! Your tomatoes, early potatoes, sweet corn, beans, and salsify, bought in a market, are really valueless compared with those just gathered in your garden. Taste and see! They are as far separate from one another in excellence as staleness is from dewy freshness; as the wilted, shrivelled leaf, from the crisp, crackling, sparkling vegetation! What then if I have hired a man to dig my garden, shall I not be recompensed? There is a sentiment about these things. The moment that you begin to cultivate a rood of ground the dignity of a land-holder begins. You may at once discourse with those who own miles of territory, and come to a serious consultation with Professor MAPES as to the best modes of culture, the best seed to be planted, and how to raise most on half an acre. Since I planted my garden, which includes the tenth of an acre, I have walked in it once or twice a day to see what has peeped out of the ground, and whether I am going to have a mess of green peas and sweet corn as early as the fourth of July. My beans are the most ambitious vegetable which I have at present. They have outstripped corn, peas, cucumbers, and potatoes, and exhibit themselves in well-defined rows as you look from a distance. I have some ochre, parsnips, carrots, celery in the ground, with reference to soup whereof a hasty plate, if well made, is not to be despised, and having a good cellar—

‘By the by, you ought to see my cellar; deep, capacious, cool as an ice-house, and already containing good store of milk, pot-cheese, and yellow butter. The butter of Dutchess county is as good as that of Goshen, sweet, golden, and fragrant. A daily collection of crusts, parings, etc., have lately impressed my mind with the feasibility of keeping a pig; not that there is any profit in it, but as I should undoubtedly feed him well, his pork would be more rosy, tender and delicious; the fat and lean more amicably, inextricably blended. The hams, the sausages, the cheeks, the head-cheese, the souse, prepared and cured at home, are more relishable. Beside all this, there is an indefinable pleasure in looking into pig-pens. The porcine grunt which greets the sound of steps indicative of feed, the nose and fore foot thrust into the dry trough, and the spectacle of animal appetite carried to the most magnificent extent of which it is capable. There is satisfaction surely in seeing the refuse which you have to offer accepted with such avidity. How unlike the ungrateful beggars who, when you offer them a ticket for really good soup, almost spit in your face! To keep a pig I am now nearly resolved. I like to see his tail curl, if nothing else; and I

like to see him brought home on a man's shoulders in a bag, squealing tremendously.

'I want to get a Shanghai hen. Do you know any one who can spare a Shanghai hen? I wouldn't be without fowls, especially in the spring when they are so exorbitantly dear in market. Do you recollect that *spring-chicken* whereof we partook not long since? When it came on table it occupied as much space as a spread eagle on a gold coin, no more. 'Speaking of chickens,' permit me to sympathize with you on the loss of your rooster, the distressing intelligence of whose demise reached me in the Editor's Table of the May KNICKERBOCKER. As I read your account of finding him one morning stiff and stark with his heels in the air, the tears almost came into my eyes. What cut off your bird? Was it the pip, or was it the gapes? I think my next-door neighbor does not want me to keep chickens. I asked him 'if they cost as much as they came to.' 'Yes,' he said, 'a great deal more.' He is probably afraid that they will go scratching in his enclosures. I shall keep the chickens and stand the damage. I must have my fresh-laid egg for breakfast. You know nothing about the value of eggs in New-York, except that they are so many for a shilling. An egg not bad or doubtful is good according to your ideas: but let me tell you that a stale egg differs much in quality from a fresh one; and when you come to live in the country, you grow wise in these things.

'This is a beautiful region. The everlasting mountains, inhabited by rattlesnakes, gird me in, and the solitude is only broken by the occasional scream of a steam-whistle on the Hudson River Rail-road. What an eye-sore is that improvement of the age! It has clipped off all the promontories which jutted into the river, and marred the beauty of every choice residence upon its banks, interposing pools of dirty, stagnant water upon its line. Science is an irreligious vandal, and makes a mock at beauty. Farewell. Perhaps I shall take a notion to write another letter when I get my hennery in full action, and my pig-pen built. Come and hear my cocks crow, my pig grunt, my dog bark, and my cat mew!

'P. S.—Something by way of postscript. I have read the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER, and have only time to remark upon the first paper, called 'THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.' It is very, very fine. There is a great deal in it, but it is suggestive of infinitely more; nay, the author might have made a whole volume out of that one essay consisting of four pages; for every reasoning, philosophic mind, starting from the original ideas which he there presents, would follow them out to that extent. It is a matter-full, admirable paper, and I sincerely hope that it will be carefully read and digested by those capable of appreciating it, and of acting on its admonitions. The little book called 'Companions of my Solitude' contains many excellent thoughts, yet it appears to me none so pregnant as those contained in this essay called 'Rights of Children.' After reading it a second time, I made up my mind to procure its republication in whatever quarter I could. There are thoughts in it which, if duly pondered, ought to do good, striking at the very root of old, established, bigoted custom.

'P. W. B.'

TOUCHING the procuring of that 'Shanghai hen:' we went up expressly to the late 'blood-stock' sale of LEWIS G. MORRIS, Esquire, at Mount-Fordham, to 'bid off' the biddy; but 'while the glass runs' of our friend MILLER only proclaimed the 'passing away' of sleek 'Durhams,' 'Ayrshires,' soft 'South-Downs' and 'Cotswolds.' Our contemporary of 'The Spirit of the Times' will please report upon a 'Shanghai' for our friend.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Some of our dry-goods and other 'jobbing' friends will acknowledge, in the subjoined '*Chapter on Drummers*,' a palpable hit; while many among our 'country customers' will recognize 'an ower true tale' in the same sketch. That it may be made 'profitable' to each and all of them, is the 'earnest desire of, gentlemen, your obliged, humble servant,'

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'HOWEVER extensive, good reader, your opportunities may have been for the study of human nature in all its phases, yet unless you are the employer or the 'victim' of the highly respectable and numerous class which is the subject of this sketch, you are presumed to be unacquainted with at least *one* species of the 'genus homo.' For your benefit, therefore, I purpose limning one of this class, and the picture must represent the type of the whole fraternity of 'drummers.' I shall occupy but small space in the description of the personal appearance of Mr. BRASSFACE DOOLITTLE. In height, he is about five feet seven; complexion pink; eyes of a butter-milk blue, with a brilliant red selvage; a profusion of curling locks, politely called 'auburn,' but by the spiteful, 'red;' whiskers and moustache much of the same hue, but more 'auburn,' if possible; form rather slender than athletic; and this description applies with great force to his legs, which are more slender than the average of this slender-legged generation. The remark was once made — in justice to Mr. DOOLITTLE, howbeit, I must add, that it originated with a person in the same profession, who was by no means friendly to the subject of my sketch — that if his body felt any disposition to 'propel' for any length of time, with safety to itself, it had better effect, at any premium, an insurance on its legs. The same facetious but satirical individual on another occasion advised our hero to secure the services of a tallow-chandler, and have his pedal extremities dipped, for the greater security of their owner. These ill-natured remarks must be taken for what they are worth: I will merely suggest, in extenuation, that the brightest objects present the most conspicuous mark for the shafts of malice.

'Having pictured the *tout-ensemble* of Mr. BRASSFACE DOOLITTLE, let me now proceed to describe some of the moral and mental qualifications which distinguish him from the common herd, who, while they envy and malign those who are immeasurably above them in their profession, possess few if any of the requisites of good 'drummers.' BRASSFACE DOOLITTLE, then, is a gentleman; and if this proposition be disputed, I simply cite as proof that he boards at a fashionable hotel, smokes, chews, eschews the 'common enemy' when he assumes the form of bad liquor, yet was never known to 'cave' when *choice* drinks were before him; is an adept at billiards; *au-fait* to every thing that appertains to the turf, and excels generally in all the fashionable vices and accomplishments peculiar to the 'fast' portion of our young gentility; and finally, his card is *écarté-blanc* to the various 'palaces' which adorn our city. With these requisites, we defy the most envious to deny to Mr. DOOLITTLE his right to be styled a 'gentleman.'

'He is a man of leisure, too; having no other occupation than that which is self-imposed, growing out of his excess of philanthropy, which evinces itself in the most assiduous attentions to country-merchants, who he presumes are not 'posted' in the various sources of amusement which this great city presents. He has been known to introduce himself to a fresh specimen of the country-dealer, proffer his services to 'show him up;' and instead of presuming upon the ignorance or the moderate ideas of his country-friend, by introducing him to the theatre through the two-shilling entrance, and concluding the amusement of the evening with a sixpenny drink or a cigar, he secures a private box, and after the performance, regardless of expense, orders a supper with champagne, and the other 'accompaniments.' His disinterestedness has been known to extend to the introduction of his friend to a highly respectable acquaintance of his, residing in a certain locality, who, although connected with the first families, owing to her unconquerable attachment to him, is now somewhat 'under a cloud.' And for these acts of disinterested friendship he asks no other requital than that which is afforded by the proud consciousness of having performed his duty. As a truthful biographer, however, we must add the fact that it is usual for him to 'drop in' upon his friend the next morning, before he has finished his toilet, just to inquire after his health; and after expressing the strong attachment which he has so unaccountably conceived for Mr. SMITH, casually hands him his card, with the request to 'drop in and look through, as he may find some bargains — all of their goods being bought under the hammer.' It is no unusual circumstance for him, when he discovers a 'country-dealer' who is more verdant than 'the average,' to remove for a few days from his own to the quarters of his friend, and by sleeping with him, occupying the next seat at the table, and at all times, and in all conceivable places, by keeping near his person, to prevent the diabolical machinations of *other* members of his profession, less

honest and self-sacrificing than himself, from proving detrimental to the interests of his friend. For this, he is called by his rivals 'pimp,' 'sneak,' 'gas-pipe,' and other like epithets; but in despite of all opposition, he pursues the 'even tenor of his way,' 'selling' men and goods, receiving therefor a commission of 'two and a half per cent., and all expenses paid.'

'During the 'dull season,' Mr. BRASSFACE DOOLITTLE, uniting business with pleasure, makes a tour through the thickly-settled portions of the neighboring States, where country-merchants most abound, and returns a wiser, and in mercantile parlance, a 'better' man. In these peregrinations he necessarily becomes partially acquainted with a great number of men, to whom he warmly proffers his services as *chaperon*, when they come to town: and, that he may not seem wanting in hospitality, and the better to enable him to recognize them again, he keeps a diary, descriptive of persons and events worthy of notice which come under his observation. In this wise is his journal kept:

"ABNER WHITE, Whiteville, New-York: Red hair, one eye, green spectacles, long-legged, worth ten thousand: close buyer, and great antipathy to 'drummers.' Promised to take him to hear JENNY LIND."

"JOHN WALWORTH, same place: Tall, lame in both legs; fond of toddy; pretty wife; keeps a stud-horse; considered doubtful. Rich grand-father: good, if the old man will endorse for him: but old man's *clust*."

"JERU CHRISTIAN, Allentown, Michigan: Very 'hard Christian,' but an excellent JERU. Owns five thousand acres of wild land, which keeps him poor: will do to sell if he sells his land: not more honest than the law allows: will probably 'sell' the New-Yorkers eventually. Promised to take him to a trot."

This is a very clever and characteristic sketch: but we commend to 'VOSHELL,' from whom we receive it, and to his readers, a similar character, limned by 'HARRY FRANCO,' in the popular work which bears his name. In *his* case the 'seller' was 'sold,' not the buyer. - - - In a little village 'Down East' there once resided a fellow who was rather deficient in intellect, and whose sayings have furnished more fun than a little to his fellow-townsmen and acquaintances. A few years since, his father, with whom he had always lived, went the way of all 'good folks,' and some wicked ones, too; and as he had been a man of some consequence in the community, his funeral was numerously attended. This was a source of great gratification to our hero, who drew one of his neighbors a little on one side, and, gazing with much pride at the extended procession, exclaimed: 'Don't we *string out well*, Mr. P——?' - - - We have a faint impression that we have before seen the '*Lines in Answer to the Question, 'What are Woman's Rights?'*' sent us by 'Mrs. C. B. C.,' of Philadelphia. They purport, however, to be original, and are dated, at bottom, only a month or two ago; so that our inference must be that we are mistaken. The execution of the lines and their moral are excellent:

The right to wake when others sleep;
The right to watch, the right to weep;
The right to comfort in distress,
The right to soothe, the right to bless;
The right the widow's heart to cheer,
The right to dry the orphan's tear;
The right to feed and clothe the poor,
The right to teach them to endure;

The right, when other friends have flown,
And left the sufferer all alone,
To kneel that dying couch beside,
And meekly point to *Him who died*;
The right a happy home to make
In any clime, for Jesus' sake;
Rights, such as these, are all we crave,
Until our last — a quiet grave.'

HERE is another passage from the '*Letters from Northern Europe*,' by the young and gifted FISKE, honorably mentioned in previous numbers of this Magazine. It is timely, too, for LINNÆUS and the 'season of fruits and flowers' cannot be dissociated:

'ANOTHER rough draft of a pleasant episode. I was pursuing my way on a mild breathless morning, along the public road, stopping now and then to admire the beautiful little lakes which stud this land like gems, or to gaze at some green patch of forest or farm-land, lying outspread beneath the brightening, gladdening rays of a June sun, when I unexpectedly came upon a simply-built monument by the way-side. That most lovely of Scandinavian trees, the hanging birch, overshadowed it with its gracefully-pendent boughs, and many-hued wild flowers sprung up in

profusion about the base of the stone memorial, filling the air with beauty, fragrance, and poetry. Through the branches of some scattered groups of beeches, maples, and lime-trees, glistened the white waters of an unrippled lakelet, on whose opposite shore a forest of pines shot their long, naked trunks and tufts of evergreen foliage high in the air. 'How thickly,' said or thought I, as I looked upon all this, 'this spot is populated with the subjects of the plant-kingdom!' I was about to pass the monument unread, supposing it to be some division-mark between two provinces, or some token of a king's presence, when the name of a monarch in the realm of nature caught my eye and arrested it. It pointed out the birth-place of the great LINNÆUS. I sat down upon a stone, and thought how curious it was to come thus unwittingly upon so sacred a spot. But seeing at length a rural cave which led, as I correctly premised, to the precise locality of the great Botanist's early home, I ventured to turn aside and explore the course of it. The father of the naturalist was a clergyman. The house in which LINNÆUS was born has been taken away, but the garden in which the botanical soul of the boy developed itself is still there. I found the present clergyman very kind and obliging. I walked about the premises with him, and sat three or four hours conversing with him. He told many anecdotes of great persons who had visited the spot. After some coffee, he accompanied me a couple of miles on my journey, and before leaving his house he plucked for me some blossoms and leaves from a LINNÆUS pear-tree, planted by the naturalist himself.

Apropos of flowers and fruits: we trust few of our metropolitan readers missed seeing the *First Exhibition of the New-York Horticultural Society*. It was crowded, when we were present, with the distinguished and the beautiful of the city; some surveying the magnificent '*Victoria Regia*' of Mr. CORN, and others scattered over the beautiful hall, admiring the 'butterfly-flower,' the 'pitcher-plant,' and countless other varieties of the floral kingdom, contributed from the establishments of Messrs. THOMAS HOGG AND SONS, BRIDGMAN, and others, as well as from private gardens. The exhibition, in brief, was all that, in a previous number, we predicted it would be. A single word touching the hall in which it was held. We quote from our contemporary, the '*Evening Mirror*': 'The Grand Banquet-Room of the magnificent Metropolitan Hall has just been finished in a style of elegance corresponding with the unsurpassed Concert-Room. The walls and ceilings are frescoed in the richest and most artistic manner, and from the ceiling are suspended thirteen massive chandeliers. The Horticultural Society open the room with their attractive exhibition, which is rendered more so by the room, which we are informed has been selected for their annual exhibitions. Mr. WALTER E. HARDING, the energetic lessee of this noble edifice, is rapidly developing its advantages to the public. He proposes to let this most desirable room for banquets, religious and scientific meetings, festivities, fairs, exhibitions, etc. It can seat an audience of sixteen hundred persons, or at table, eight hundred persons.' - - - A decision was recently had, in the Supreme Court of Louisiana, which, judging from a printed document now before us, must have done great injustice to our old friend, Mr. THOMAS PLACIDE, manager and proprietor of '*The Varietés*' Theatre, New-Orleans. The case has been fully set forth in the journals, as that of a *danseuse* discharged from the establishment, because she would not perform in a domestic dance, embraced in a popular drama, in which it is stated she had previously elsewhere willingly performed. T. H. HOWARD, Esquire, the defendant's counsel, has sent us a searching review of the case and the decision; which, we think, must convince all its readers that the case was at least a weak one, and the damages excessive. While it is true, that 'there are always two sides to a question,' it is equally true that the honorable character of the defendant, as a manager, should stand him in good stead. We have known Mr. PLACIDE long and well. - - - '*Isariot's Church*' is the somewhat startling title of a few stanzas sent us by our frequent and always welcome

correspondent, Rev. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, of Philadelphia. The lines 'mean something,' as the reader will not be slow in remarking :

'CALL, call a matchless architect,
And fire his breast with praise and gold ;
Bid him with piercing eyes inspect
All shrines and temples new and old :
Metre and displace, for many a rood,
The social hearth or fresh green sod,
And raise, of costliest stone and wood,
Man's noblest work — A HOUSE FOR GOD.

'Let next a stoled and solemn train
Move pacing up the spacious aisle,
And set apart from things profane,
With lofty rites, the gorgeous pile.
Lo, there the grave chief shepherd stands,
And asks of HIM who rules above
To bless this gift of mortal hands,
This fruit of Christian faith and love.

'Bring now that quick, loud auctioneer,
Made keen by practice, rich by fees,
And let rejoicing demons hear
Your gospel taught in words like these :
'Who buys good seats with sins forgiven ?
Who scorns the poor, but longs for grace ?
Who bids for an exclusive's heaven ?
The weightiest purse, the foremost place !'

'Go, summon last an eloquent priest,
One fit to preach where *such* men pray,
Full prompt to spread a goodly feast
Of sacred things for all who — pay.
Let *him* talk much of right and wrong,
Hope, judgment, truth, in tones most sweet,
The worldliest of a worldly throng :
BEHOLD ISCARIOT'S CHURCH COMPLETE !'

AN enthusiastic correspondent, who read, upon the spot, on a genial summer-day, PAUL SIOGVOLK's first '*Schediasm*,' descriptive of Lake Rye and its charming surroundings, sends us the following little incident connected with the scene depicted by our correspondent :

'It was just sunrise. Before me, and but a few yards distant, lay LAKE RYE, its surface smooth as polished steel, unbroken by a single ripple or wavelet, reflecting as in a vast mirror the deep-green hemlocks on the eastern shore ; while on the west the rugged cliff of HIGH-POINT, gilded with the first blush and glow of day, thrust its bold and frowzy shadow far down into the flood. The sky was cloudless ; not a breath of air was stirring. The repose of nature was perfect, save now and then a noisy king-fisher would start up from some sheltered inlet and flutter his way across the lake.

'A little to the right of where I was standing upon the 'WOODFIELD MEADOW,' a small brook, entirely concealed by a dense growth of vines and willows, emptied itself into the lake. At the mouth of this brook there was a shoal or sand-bar, sustaining a rank growth of water-lilies, and among these lilies, at one time and another, had been seen, in rare instances, a crane or loon, and sometimes wild geese, as well as fowl of lesser note.

'On the morning before the one I have described, I had strolled to the lake for an early bath, and while sauntering near the lilies I thought I perceived the head of a black duck in their midst. The water at this time was somewhat agitated, and I could not ascertain whether my surmise was just, as the object kept bobbing up and down with the motion of the waves. Having no gun with me, I thought no more about it at the time, but went my way. In the evening of the same day, passing near the place, I had espied the creature still there, but its position was somewhat changed : it had gone farther into the lily-bed, and although it was dusk, I could make out the outline of the bird. It seemed of unusual dimensions ; nearly twice as large as any other I had ever seen in the lake. What had before been a suspicion was now become confirmed to my mind — a 'fixed fact.' What a prize ! and I without a gun ! What would I not have given for 'PAUL's' old musket then ? But it was idle to murnur. It was already getting dark, or I should have gone to the house for my gun and attempted to secure my game that night. However, my mind was made up. I would take my chance for him in the morning. The bird had been there one morning and one evening — that I knew. It was probably a favorite haunt. I doubted not another morning it would still be there. A very restless night I passed. Sleeping was out of the question. Occasionally I fell into a semi-doze, and instantly my brain was filled with images of ducks ; ducks of all sorts, black ducks, white ducks, gray ducks, hell-divers, and what not. But each fantasy was dispelled by the appearance of the lilies and *my* duck ; and then I would resume my consciousness, until another drowsy fit would overcome me, and restore the visions of all sorts of ducks, ending with the lilies and *my* duck. Thus sped or rather dragged along the tardy night. I had determined to be on the spot by day-light, but just as I fancied the gray of dawn was lighting up the east, my wearied spirits yielded to another spell of somnolence in which I lay till nearly sunrise. A few minutes found me equipped and on my way to the lake. In my boyish estimation my gun was unequalled, and in my skill as a marksman I felt no little pride. In imagination the bird was already mine ; so confident was I that he still remained where I had seen him the night before, and so certain was I that if he *were* there, my conquest was sure.

'I was not long on my way; and now, as I said at the outset of my story, we stood on the verge of the lake, not fifty yards distant from the lilies, in the midst of which, to my amazing joy, still floated the coveted bird, utterly unconscious and unsuspecting of mortal presence. Fatal security! I stealthily crawled along upon my hands and knees for a little nearer shot, and my dog crouched into the grass and lay as motionless as if his own life had depended on his perfect quietude.

'Lying flat upon the ground, almost concealed by the high grass around me, I rested my 'piece' upon the end of a stray rail, and took deliberate aim. My heart fluttered, but the hammer fell, and a long, loud, reverberating echo went along, across, around, and through the forests, lake and hills. Dog and I sprang to our feet. We rushed to the water. The lilies were in a terrible commotion. The double charge of duck-shot had rent them all to tatters. And the duck was there: *he was there!* We dashed into the lake. The dog was more nimble than I, for my feet caught among the lily-stems and I fell headlong into the water. The dog seized the victim in his teeth and sped back to the shore. I grappled with him, and compelled a surrender of the rich booty. The truth must be told. My duck was not a duck at all, (and I got no duck save that which the lilies gave me;) but a knotted piece of wood that had become entangled among the lilies, and but for the prowess of my dog and myself might have remained there 'till the crack of doom.'

WE have received from the well-known press of the Messrs. APPLETON, and shall notice more particularly in our next, the second volume of *Coggeshall's Voyages*, which is fully equal to the first, in the interest of its details, and the simple but effective style of the narrative. - - - A 'FUNNY fellow' is W——N, one of the messengers in the General Post-office department at Washington, as we infer from the following, which we receive from a friend: 'It seems the school-master was not abroad when he was a youth, and hence he never has been introduced to that now popular personage. Yet W——N fancies he is a genius of high order, and perpetrates a great deal of poetry. Some years ago he lost a child, and composed a poetical epitaph for its tomb-stone, which commenced, I believe, in this wise:

'A NOBLE little hero does lie here,
Who was carried off by the *dier heer*.'

He says he is in favor of L—— for Mayor, because he is the present '*incumbrance!*'

'MOTHER, 'tis n't nine o'clock,
You said we need n't go before:
Let us stay a *little* while—
Want to see the monkeys more!
Exit mother, half distraught,
Exit father, muttering 'Bore!'
Exit children, blubbering still,
'Want to see the monkeys more!'

'Small blame' to the little folks, or even children of a larger growth, for wanting to 'see the monkeys more' that are performing every night at the *Astor-Place Opera-House*, under the supervision of M. DONETTI. His dogs and monkeys come hither with an 'established European reputation,' having 'repeatedly performed in presence of several royal families.' They are highly trained, and portions of their pantomime and quasi-equestrianism are laughable enough. The drollest of all is a carriage-ride taken on the stage by a large black-faced baboon, who personates a lady, and who rejoices in a pair of white French poodles for horses, and a monkey coachman and footman. When a linch-pin comes out and the carriage upsets, the mock confusion was exquisitely ludicrous. The manner in which 'coachee' jumped down and hung on to his horses' heads was a palpable hit. The execution of a deserter was also cleverly managed, and elicited much applause. Go and see them, town-reader, by all means. Once 'will satisfy the sentiment;' but at least, see them *once*. - - BRADY, at his '*National Daguerreotype Gallery*,' Number 205 Broadway, exhibits some likenesses which he took recently in Europe, that will excite no little curiosity.

Among them are LOUIS NAPOLEON, VICTOR HUGO, and EUGENE SUE. While abroad, he made arrangements with eminent artists to forward, from time to time, portraits of all the most eminent men of the day, as well as every improvement or discovery in the art, thus rendering his establishment one of the most popular and interesting exhibitions in our city. Mr. BRADY has also thoroughly refitted his apartments; and by the introduction of improvements in the arrangements of light, and other matters, acquired during his residence in Europe, is enabled to produce pictures equal, if not superior, to those for which he received a prize medal at the World's Fair. - - - A TOWN-CORRESPONDENT sends us the following inquiries: but before we answer them, we must ask the assistance of some better-informed reader 'in the premises.' PETRARCH's 'Epitaph on LAURA' we have not got: 'I desire to ask you a bundle of questions, which I have no earthly right to do. I cannot get them answered elsewhere, however. Months ago you quoted in your Gossip:

'HERE in the body pent,
Absent from heaven, I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.'

Who is that by? And who is the author of this?

'In vain I seek for rest
In all created good;
It leaves me still unblest,
And makes me cry for God.
At rest, be sure, I cannot be,
Until my soul finds rest in THEE.'

This was written by JENNY LIND in the album of a gentleman in Washington, and was published in many of the papers as being 'composed' by her. I believe, however, she is not the author of it. Again: Is it SHELLEY or KEATS who says:

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever'?

I have searched both for it in vain, although I think it is by one of them. Did you ever meet with the following, and if so, can you tell me the author?

'GREAT poets never die! Their words are seeds,
Which, sheltered in the hearts of men, take root,
And grow and flourish into high-souled deeds,
The world's sustaining fruit.'

It is splendid, but I do not know who wrote it. And have you PETRARCH's 'Epitaph on LAURA?' and if so, will you print it? I cannot find it in the city. I refer to a translation. I am loth to ask these questions, but I have used every means in my power to obtain the information by my own exertion, but without success.' - - - A CORRESPONDENT, in sending to us the following '*Legend of a Locomotive*,' assures us, in a private note, that the incidents narrated are not 'founded on facts, but are facts *themselves*;' all which it does not become us to dispute; for we read in a metropolitan daily journal, this very morning, that a train of ninety-five cars, a mile in length, passed yesterday over the New-York and Erie Rail-road. But 'OLD NICK' was n't like '*The First Locomotive*' of JABEZ DOOLITTLE, once so graphically described in these pages; which, with its shafts, and pistons, and cranks, multitudinous running-gear, and 'wheels within wheels,' was regarded in its advent, by the superstitious, as the 'opening of one of the seals in the Revelations;' what time it sped over the astonished earth, passing through cities, over rivers, through villages of Blackfoot Indians, and never stopping until 'brought up with a round turn' by the Rocky Mountains. This was a locomotive! And of all its marvellous performances, after starting,

we should have known nothing, had not GEOFFREY CRAYON 'rescued the facts from the very jaws of oblivion:'

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'It was, I think, in the year of grace 1838, that the first locomotive was seen in the peaceful domains of the Dutch at Harlaem. The worthy and pury burghers stroked their silver beards with unusual solemnity when the iron monster appeared, puffing and snorting like a fiery demon, in the very midst of their quiet homes. Stately dames, who, in their departed youth, had stood upon the delightful dykes of the Father-land, now felt a sudden fear; and honest vrouws shrank timidly to the chimney-corner at the advent of the wonderful machine. The locomotive was from the celebrated factory of KETCHUM AND SWASHEM, and it was said that large quantities of fire and brimstone were used in its construction. The builder was a very profane man, and was supposed to have dark dealings with the Arch-Enemy; be that as it may, he named the engine 'Old Nick,' and by this sinister appellation we shall speak of the grim monster to the end of this 'brief, eventful history.'

'There was a spice of mischief in the run of Old Nick from first to last. One day he went 'slap dash' through the engine-house, carrying away the rear wall in a tremendous concussion, not unlike that which the poet heard in

'The wreck of nature and the crush of worlds.'

The engineer stood aghast to find the wild thing refused to obey the helm, and as a last resort, to save his life, he jumped from the quivering back of his engine before it made a dive into the brick-bats. It is also related, that on another occasion, when coming down toward 'the Tunnel,' the fiery-hearted old fellow saw another locomotive coming from the city. Immediately he quickened his speed, regarding his iron-nerved antagonist with

'The stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel;'

and in about two minutes Old Nick knocked the other engine 'all to smash.' Ever after these events he was regarded with an unearthly fear by the simple inhabitants of 'the rural districts;' in truth, they believed that 'an evil spirit' troubled him, and instigated his passionate movements. One old Hollander said so outright, but *his* days were numbered. Soon afterward, on a moonlight night, the devout old man was quietly picking vegetables from his well-filled garden for the morning market, when he heard a fearful noise in the vicinity of the rail-road, and looking up, he saw Old Nick flying along with a furious howl, belching fire, and advancing with a speed beyond all computation. At times the fierce thing fairly flew, not even touching the track for several rods. Right into his turnip-field the infernal monster came, ground the old Dutchman to powder, 'upset his apple-cart,' and then bounded back to the track calmly, as if nothing particular had happened to disturb his satanic serenity.

"Every dog has his day," saith the proverb, and so has every locomotive. It only now remains to chronicle the last day of the hero of our 'plain, unvarnished tale.' It was the fourth of July; 'the Glorious Fourth' of little boys, and old women who sell lemonade and ginger-cake; and Old Nick was hitched to a long train of cars in the Bowery. They had scoured him up till his crank shone like silver, and his polished brass rivalled the gold of Ophir. Streamers, flags, and ribbons decorated the old fellow, and he whistled shrill in conscious pride when a crowd of admiring spectators surrounded him. But they attached ninety-nine cars to him that morning, and it was more than his haughty spirit could endure. Inflamed to fury, he paused a moment, and frowned as if ready to split with spite; the letters burned blue on his swelling sides; and, in short, he burst into a thousand pieces, killing and maiming men, women, and children, in all directions.

'There came a burst of thunder sound:
Old Nick, 'oh, where was he?'
'Ask of the 'steam' that far around
With fragments strewed the Bowery.'

PERHAPS there never existed a more deep-rooted jealousy and sectional hatred between two neighboring peoples than exists between the inhabitants of Tuscany and the Roman States; and as it chiefly had its origin in a silly dispute as to the purity of the modern blood, language, etc., of the respective countries, it is not likely to be very soon eradicated. 'While on a recent visit to the 'Eternal City,' writes a correspondent, 'I took a stroll one afternoon with my friend PIETRO POMPEO, who was born and educated at Sienna, the very Athens of Tuscany, where, as he contends, no barbarous dialects nor manners have ever corrupted the noble Italian. He looks down with great disdain upon the pretensions of

the Romans, and never loses an opportunity to let fly a shaft of sarcasm at their expense. We made a visit that day to the ruined temple of VESTA; and the story was fresh upon our minds of those vestal virgins who, having sworn themselves to eternal chastity, kept up the perpetual fires in honor of the goddess, and who lived before the world bright and distinguished examples of female purity. On returning, our course led through the Corso, the 'Broadway' of that renowned city: and, looking up the street, we espied two daughters of Eve, whose flaunting dress and *air abandonné* revealed most unmistakably the naughty character of *femmes de pave*. This unexpected exhibition of human frailty gave an unfortunate turn to our reflections, and waked up POMPEO's Tuscan wit. 'Ha!' said he, his lips curling with scorn, 'those are two of the vestal virgins of modern Rome!' - - How much tender fugitive poetry, the offspring of genuine feeling, circulates unclaimed in the American newspapers! Here, for example, is a beautiful effusion, fresh from the pure fountain of a mother's heart, upon the death of '*Our Minnie*,' which would do no discredit to any living poet:

'O close with reverent care those eyes:
Their meek and sorrowing light hath fled;
No trembling gleam through mists of tears
From those dimmed orbs will more be shed.

'Draw down the thin and azure lid:
No look of mute, appealing pain,
No piercing anguished gaze on heaven,
Will strike through those blue depths again.

'Now gently smooth her soft brown hair:
Shred not those glossy braids away,
But part the bright locks round her brow,
As sweetly in her life they lay.

'Press one soft kiss on those soft lips:
They thrill not now like flickering flame;
They'll ne'er uncloze, in troubled dreams,
To breathe again that cherished name.

'But press them softly; still and cold,
They part not with the sleeper's breath:
Fear thou to break the softened seal
Left by the kindly touch of DEATH.

'Wrap the white shroud about her breast:
No trembling throb shall stir its fold;
No wild emotions wake to life,
Within that bosom snowy cold.

'Fold tenderly her fair young hands:
The heart beneath in stillness lies;
The 'll never strive, with tightened clasp,
Again to hush its anguished cries.

'Oh! fierce but brief the storm that swept
The bloom from this pale sleeper's brow;
And keen the pang that rent apart
The bosom calmly shrouded now.'

'*Whether Beasts are Immortal*,' is discussed at large in a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*. No decision is arrived at with respect to this weighty question, although the writer takes a humane squint beast-wise. We are reminded, by a perusal of the said essay, of a reply once made by a friend to the question, 'Have cats souls?' 'Undoubtedly,' replied he; 'but they will be *cats' souls*, and 'nothing else.' - - HERE speaks a man who understands, and who would act upon, the precepts of our blessed REDEEMER: 'The little that I have seen of the world, and known of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of the poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through; the brief pulsation of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world, that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary and threatening voices within; health gone; happiness gone; I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with HIM from whose hands it came.' - - WE have received the Eleventh Annual Catalogue of the *Young Ladies' Institute at Pittsfield*, (Massachusetts,) of which Rev. W. H. TYLER and Lady are principals, assisted by twelve male and female professors in the various departments. The catalogue gives the names of two hundred and seventy-three young ladies, from every State in the Union. The situation of this institution, in 'old Berkshire,'

which contains the most romantic and picturesque scenery in Massachusetts, is unsurpassed in healthfulness; but our special design is to call the attention of our readers to the arrangements for physical education, which, in many schools, has been so neglected as to make it a cause of general complaint. We understand the proprietor of this establishment has recently erected spacious halls for calisthenic and gymnastic exercises, which are fitted up and arranged in a style more complete than in any similar institution. Bowling-alleys have been introduced, and this attractive and invigorating exercise can be enjoyed in any state of the weather, and at all seasons of the year. Perhaps we may come up and win a 'string' or two, against some of the fair pupils. - - - Would that it were possible for us to comply with the most kind and cordial invitation proffered to 'Old Knick,' Esquire, through the columns of the New-York Daily *Evening Mirror*, by 'H. K. H.,' of 'old Deerfield,' Massachusetts; but a previous long-promised visit to the lovely valley of the Susquehanna, and condensed avocations on our return, will prevent our enjoying the pleasure with which we are tempted. Our friend, the editor of the 'Mirror,' has anticipated the fact exactly, in the introduction of the lines to his readers: 'If our friend 'Old Knick,' don't accept the cordial invitation extended to him in the following lines from a Deerfield (Massachusetts) correspondent, it must surely be because he can't. We know him to be very busy, making up his new volume of '*Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table*,' and getting out the first number of the *Fortieth Volume* of the KNICKERBOCKER; yet, *how* can he resist such a simple, honest, frank appeal as this?' We segregate the ensuing lines from the only too flattering 'invitation' in question, as illustrative of the assumption, in our announcement of the '*Knick-Knacks*,' that 'any one man who truly feels and enjoys; who can neither resist laughter nor forbid tears that *will* out, and *must* have vent, is simply an epitome of the public:'

"OLD KNICK," my dear friend, I'm a stranger to you;
I am sorry to say it, but still it is true:
You don't know who I am; you don't know how I look;
But God bless you! 'Old Knick,' I know *you* 'like a book.'
Though your form or your features I never have seen,
Except in the pages of your Magazine,
Yet for fifteen long years I have been by your side;
Together we've laughed, and together we've cried;
Together we've ate, and have drank, and have smoked;
Together we've chatted, told stories, and joked;
Together we've travelled in steam-boats and cars;
Together we've gazed at the moon and the stars;
Together we've roamed over forest and field,
And drank in the beauties fair Nature revealed;
Together we've stood on the surf-beaten shore,
And listened to Ocean's tumultuous roar;
Together we've scanned the dark thunder-cloud form,
And have heard the OMNIPOTENT speak in the storm;
Together we've viewed the bright bow in the sky,
With its burden of love, when the storm had swept by;
Together we've threaded the city's thronged mart,
And studied the wonders of science and art;
Together we've thrill'd o'er the page with delight,
Which Genius had stamped with its beauty and might;
Together we've entered the field of the dead,
But our voices were silent, and soft was our tread;
Together, 'in faith,' we have lifted our eyes,
And have broke through the tomb to our 'home in the skies.'

'In every adventure, in every mood,
For fifteen long years by your side I have stood;
And I write this to tell you, 'as square as a brick,'
Without it — and — or but — *I'm a friend to 'Old Knick!'*
I would give a few 'shiners' your 'flipper' to grasp;
You would get a strong gripe, not a delicate clasp:

Should we ever cross palms, you will please understand,
 I should grind into powder each bone in your hand;
 And if ever to 'Gotham' I do take a trip,
 I'll break into the 'sanctum' and give you a grip.
 I'm a plain man, 'Old Knick.,' I'm a farmer 'by trade;'
 I work for my living with shovel and spade;
 I plough and I harrow, I plant and I sow;
 I hoe corn and dig 'taters,' I reap and I mow;
 And as to the *last*, I will bet you my hat,
 Notwithstanding your 'brag,' I can beat you at that.
 If you 'll come to 'Old Deerfield' the first of July,
 (That is haying-time here,) I will give you a try;
 Now don't you back out, 'KNICK.;' do n't make any fuss,
 But come and sit down and take 'pot-luck' with us.
 We are plain simple folks, but we 'll earnestly try
 To make a few days pass pleasantly by.

'But I've spun a long yarn, it is time to conclude;
 Forgive me, 'Old Knick.,' that I've dared to intrude;
 Though rude and uncouth is the greeting I send,
 It springs from the heart, and it comes from a friend.
 You may laugh if you will at my gossip and chat,
 And to tell the plain truth, I can't blame you for that;
 You may run all the rigs on my rhymes that you please,
 I do n't care a copper for things such as these;
 But I know you will credit my friendly intent,
 And in kindness receive what in kindness was meant.'

THE following notice of the late JOHN HOWARD PAYNE we take from our contemporary, the '*Literary World*.' From its characteristic condensation of facts, we take it to be from the pen of our old friend and correspondent, Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS:

'THE newspapers announce the death of JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, the celebrated actor and dramatic author, at Tunis, we believe, the seat of his consulate in Africa. His birth and distinguished early reputation, and many of the associations of his later life, belong to the history of this city. He was born, as we learn from a biographical notice in DUNLAP's '*History of the American Stage in the City of New-York*,' June 9, 1792. His father removing to Boston, some address which the son delivered on a public occasion from the stage is said to have fixed in the boy a love for the drama. It must have been a very early appearance, for in his thirteenth year we find him at New-York again, a clerk in a counting-house, and editor of a weekly paper, the '*Thespian Mirror*.' COLEMAN, of the '*Evening Post*,' in his journal of January 24th, 1806, thus notices the 'prodigy:': 'I conversed with him for an hour; inquired into his history, the time since he came to reside in this city; and his object in settling on foot the publication in question. His answers were such as to dispel all doubts as to any imposition, and I found it required an effort on my part to keep up the conversation in so choice a style as his own.' Having been placed at school at Schenectady, with Doctor NOTT, 'Master PAYNE' published a semi-weekly paper, '*The Pastime*.'

'In emulation of Master B-TTY, we find him making his debut as a 'youthful Roscius' in his sixteenth year, in 1809, at the Park Theatre in this city, as young NORVAL. His small size and handsome face suggested a still more youthful personage. His talent for recitation in private circles had been previously recognized in Philadelphia, where his displays of this kind had attracted attention. He next appeared in Boston, and the spring of the same year played a second engagement in New-York, acting HASTINGS, OCTAVIAN, FREDERICK FRIBOURG, ROLLA, EDGAR, and HAMLET, with decidedly profitable returns to the house. In 1812 or 1813, PAYNE went to England, and appeared successfully at Drury Lane in his twenty-first year. The painter WEST interested himself in his success, and pronounced his action on the stage graceful, and his voice fine. He played in the provinces and in Ireland with success. In 1826 he is in London, editing the '*Opera-Glass*,' and in communication with the French actor, TALMA.

'His London career produced a host of dramas, chiefly, if not altogether, adaptations or translations from the French, '*The Lancers*,' '*Oswald of Athens*,' '*Peter Smirk*,' or '*Which is the Miller?*' '*Theresa*,' '*T was I*,' '*Adeline*,' '*Ali Pacha*,' '*Clari*,' '*King Charles II.*,' etc.; names which old play-goers will remember among popular after-pieces on the bills. '*Charles II.*' is still produced. CHARLES KEMBLE frequently acted in it. The universal air of '*Home, Sweet Home*,' which gives PAYNE a hold upon the affections of the world, occurs in '*Clari*, or the Maid of Milan.'

'BRUTUS, the popular stage-play on this subject, which we see occasionally acted by Booth, is an adaptation by PAYNE from the works of previous writers, among others, NAT LEE. He announced his method to be 'the adoption of the conceptions and language of his predecessors, wherever they seemed likely to strengthen the plan which he had prescribed for himself.' The '*Quarterly Review*' of 1820 had some severe comments on this production.

'When Mr. PAYNE returned to America, some fifteen or twenty years since, he issued the prospectus of a magnificent magazine, to include the Literature of the Old and New Worlds, under the fanciful melodramatic title of *Jam-jeha-nema*, some pretty conceit of an oriental gem. He expended considerable energy on this affair, but it, of course, never came to publication.

'His various literary plans and devices will doubtless afford much anecdote for his biographer. We next find him receiving the post of United States' Consul to Tunis, a position from which he was recalled and to which he was subsequently restored some two years since; an official station which he held at the time of his death.

'PAYNE, it is well known, preserved a great mass of books and papers, which, from his varied

foreign and American career, must afford much matter of interest. He talked, at one time, of publishing his Autobiography or Recollections.'

We trust that this last suggestion may not be lost sight of by Mr. PAYNE's friends. He kept an elaborate journal, in which he wrote down, every day, all occurrences of interest. Extending over so great a number of years, and recorded in all their original freshness, the contents of this autobiographical journal must possess extraordinary interest. Let our publishers 'look to it' - - - THEY must have had a clever 'writer-man' on the examining school-committee of Exeter, (New-Hampshire,) if we may judge from a recent 'Report' of that committee, now lying before us. You will find very few such school-houses in the 'Empire State' as the one in the fourth school-district of Exeter, which is thus described: 'The children, few as they are in number, are yet already altogether too numerous for the little box in which they are packed. Such a building is not large enough for any purpose of human instruction. It is too inconveniently small to tend one baby in; too ugly in itself and in all its appointments to be looked at without danger of strabismus. A good-sized boy of high aims and expansive views would feel himself 'cabinéd, cribbed, confined' in it, and in his attempts to study would find himself unconsciously babbling of brooks and green fields. We shall be pardoned for suggesting, that an edifice, not unlike a medium-looking goose-pen in airiness and amplitude of dimension, set up on a few cobblestones on the edge of a rough and rocky road, surrounded with no play-grounds, and overshadowed by no tree, with no pleasant object without or within to address the eye or touch the heart, is not exactly the place to kindle the intellect and develope the moral nature of the young.' Nor have they much to boast of over the fourth in the fifth school-district. Some of our readers, who were children once, will recall, in the subjoined passage, the rude and comfortless edifices aforesaid in central New-York, where their 'young ideas' first began to sprout:

'THERE is in fact very little in the school-house itself or around it calculated to 'stir the divinity within them.' We have expressed our mind in relation to this Temple of Apollo and the Muses on former occasions. It certainly does not look any better now than it did five years ago. Indeed, we did not perceive any very striking difference. Perhaps the walls are a little browner; the benches a little more *hackneyed*; the 'tout ensemble,' like the character of the First Consul, a little more 'grand, gloomy, and peculiar.' The stove-funnel, it should be observed, was, possibly in honor of our last visit, tied up and *securely* fastened with a bran-new tow-string! The bricks, which at some remote period formed the hearth, have come to be 'like angels' visits, few and far between,' so that now, in the wild waste of the billowy floor, the solid land looms up like an island in an archipelago. Time, or some body else, has, in a good degree, stripped the plastering from the ceiling, as

'From a Tartar's skull they strip the flesh,
Or peel a fig when the fruit is fresh.'

It ought, perhaps, to be mentioned, too, that a small necessary edifice, belonging to the establishment, not consecrated to scientific purposes, after changing its position as often as an ambitious politician, has at length found rest on the windward side of the school-house, in immediate contact with a window, which it darkens, where, in the summer season particularly, it is not destined, like GRAY's unseen flower,

'To waste its sweetness on the desert air!'

'Aside from these slight variations, 'all things since the fathers fell asleep continue as they were from the beginning.'

There is some hard 'counter-hitting' in the 'contrasted picture,' which is presented in the description of the sixth district-school, which we commend to school-trustees generally. A good, accomplished, tender-hearted school-mistress is worth any two 'masters' to preside over the younger class of pupils:

'THE school in this district was taught thirty-five weeks; twenty-three in the summer, by Miss

SARAH A. LOCKE, and twelve in the winter, by Mr. JOHN PORTER SANBORN. Miss LOCKE had thirty different scholars; Mr. SANBORN had thirty-six. Miss LOCKE's intellectual qualifications were very good; Mr. SANBORN's were by no means deficient. Miss LOCKE was gentle and at the same time firm; Mr. SANBORN, so far from being tyrannous in his exactions of obedience, was as easy as an antiquated slipper. Miss LOCKE made her pupils sing; Mr. SANBORN did *not* make his dance. Miss LOCKE was careful to keep the room neat and clean; Mr. SANBORN was content to let it go dirty. With Miss LOCKE the scholars studied hard most of the time; with Mr. SANBORN they whispered hard all the time. In looking upon the exercises, as conducted by Miss LOCKE at our examination, we were favorably impressed with the stillness which prevailed; in listening to the dissonant hubbub of Mr. SANBORN's young disciples, we thought of what an old poet has said:

'The earth and planets in their course
Move along with silent force;
The smallest chap that walks the footstool,
Makes more racket by a jug-full.'

'Miss LOCKE's children made rapid progress up the hill of science. Mr. SANBORN's slid down the same hill. In a word, as CICERO hath it, Miss LOCKE kept a good school; Mr. SANBORN kept no school at all. It is possible that Mr. SANBORN, if he would revise and correct his notions of discipline, might yet become a successful instructor. We hope, however, that the experience of the past winter may satisfy this district without further trial, that the masculine gender is not the only gender belonging to nouns, and that when they get a good female teacher, it is for their interest to keep her.'

Speaking of school-mistresses, reader, won't you let us quote in this connection a single passage from '*Some more Gossip about Children*,' in which we a second time endeavored to interest the readers of our friend GODEY's 'Lady's Book:'

'I MUST go back to my very earliest school-days. I doubt if I was more than five years old, a little boy in the country, when I was sent, with my twin-brother, to a summer 'district-school.' It was kept by a 'school-ma'am,' a pleasant young woman, of some twenty years of age. She was positively my *first love*. I am afraid I was an awkward scholar at first; but the enticing manner in which MARY — (I grieve that only the faint *sound* of her unsyllabled name comes to me now from 'the dark backward and abysm of Time') coaxed me through the alphabet and the words of one syllable; encouraged me to encounter those of two, the first of which I remember to this day, whenever the B-A-K-E-R's bill for my children's daily bread is presented for audit; stimulated me to attack those of three; until, at the last, I was enabled to surmount that tallest of orthoëpical combinations, '*Mi-chi-li-mack-i-nack*,' without a particle of fear; the enticing manner, I say, in which MARY — accomplished all this, won my heart. She would stoop over and kiss me, on my low seat, when I was successful, and very pleasant were her 'good words' to my ear. Bless your heart! I remember at this moment the feeling of her soft brown curls upon my cheek; and I would give almost any thing now to see the first 'certificate' of good conduct which I brought home, in her hand-writing, to my mother, and which was kept for years among fans, bits of dried orange-peel, and sprigs of withered 'caraway,' in the corner of the bureau-'draw.' All this came very vividly to me some time ago, when my own little boy brought home *his* first 'school-ticket.' He is not called, however — and I rejoice that he is not — to remember dear companions, who 'bewept to the grave did go, with true-love showers.'

'Oh, my mother! oh, my childhood!
Oh, my brother, now no more!
Oh, the years that push me onward,
Farther from that distant shore!'

'But I am led away. I wanted merely to say that this 'school-ma'am,' from the simple *love* of her children, her little scholars, knew how to teach and how to *rule* them. I hope that not a few 'school-ma'ams' will peruse this hastily-prepared gossip; and if they do, I trust they will remember, in the treatment of their little charges, that 'the heart *must* leap kindly back to kindness.' Why, my dear Sir, I used to wait, in the summer afternoons, until all the little pupils had gone on before, so that I could place in the soft white hand of my school-mistress as confiding a little hand as any in which she may afterward have placed her own, 'in the full trust of love.' I hope she found a husband good and true, and that she was blessed with what she loved, 'wisely' and *not* 'too well' — children.'

From every quarter of the Union, within the last four months, we have derived such tokens of regard, such evidences of the warmth of welcome with which the KNICKERBOCKER is received on its monthly visits, as are not only flat-

tering to our feelings, but touch us in our 'very heart of hearts.' The additions to our subscription-list since the commencement of the year have exceeded our most sanguine expectations; and old subscribers, 'tried friends and true,' almost daily send us 'assurances of their distinguished consideration,' not only in words of honest congratulation and kindly encouragement, but in the substantial form of V's and X's. One of these, in a brief but hearty note, says: 'I am a man of moderate desires, easily satisfied, and not given to grumbling. I can—as, on occasion, I have done—sit down to cold coffee with sky-blue milk, raw steak, and heavy bread. I can bear the quarrelling and screaming of my neighbor's thirteen children. I can endure—almost any thing save the loss or non-arrival of my KNICKERBOCKER. When any accident prevents the due receipt and undisturbed enjoyment of 'mine ancient' friend—'Bomb-shells and hot shot, Cousin' CLARK!—there's 'war in the wigwam,' and 'der house is very quiet not at all,' as Squire VAN VOORST says, till it 'comes to hand.' We are of course gratified—who would not be?—at these expressions of kindly appreciation, and shall endeavor still more to deserve them, by increasing the value and attractiveness of our Magazine, and securing its punctual issue and delivery. On this latter point we have no fear of failure. And we'll tell you why, friend 'K——.' Just previous to the issue of our number for June, on paying a visit to the printing-office of the KNICKERBOCKER, we were stopped by a dense crowd surrounding the entrance to the basement, where the engine that drives the power-presses—a magnificent one, of one hundred and twenty-five horse-power—is 'located.' On inquiring the cause of the excitement, we learned that a serious 'break-down' had occurred, and that the massive machine was a wreck, the repair of which would occupy at least three weeks. 'Phanzy our feelinks' at the catastrophe! Visions of delays and disappointments, waiting subscribers and angry friends, 'moved, in dark phalanx dread,' across our mind, and

'MUTTERED grumbings, deep and loud,
Burst, like an angry thunder-cloud'

upon us in anticipation. To our surprise, however, Mr. GRAY met us with his usual beaming smile, and a quiet composure that not a little puzzled us. To the anxious question, 'What is to be done?' he blandly replied, with a mysterious shake of the head, 'We shall see—we *shall see*.' Two days afterward, we called again, and found workmen engaged in removing the broken machinery. There appeared no prospect of soon seeing the KNICKERBOCKER go to press. On ascending to the 'office,' however, the usual clatter of the presses greeted our astonished ears. How 'steam-presses' could be put in motion without steam, was a mystery; but on hastening into the room, the puzzle was soon solved. There stood a beautiful engine, resplendently polished, moving, with nervous iron arm, the ponderous presses, whose greedy appetite for paper and ink seems insatiable. The KNICKERBOCKER was 'worked off'—the 'country was saved!' Immediately on ascertaining the extent of the disaster, Mr. GRAY, with characteristic energy, started on a tour of discovery among the machine-shops and engine-foundries of New-York; and, failing there, posted off to Mr. BURDON, in Brooklyn, who put a set of hands to work all night, and *the next night* the engine was in its place, on the fourth floor, the steam introduced from the basement, and all things proceeding as though nothing had occurred to disturb 'the even tenor' of the business of this model printing-office. Is not this a 'ger-reat ked'ntry?' *This* is the spirit which has secured to our city such a proud pre-eminence for enterprise and prosperity. . . . The influence of a well-

conducted place of theatrical entertainment upon the 'lower orders' of the English populace is well set forth in the following spirited extract from the second of a series of elaborate articles in the last number of BLACKWOOD'S Magazine, entitled '*Our London Commissioner.*' The papers have been attributed to THACKERAY :

'In the northern out-skirt of London, there is a dingy-looking, ill-shaped building, on the bank of a narrow canal, where at one time, not very long ago, real water fell in sparkling cascades, Trafalgars were fought in veritable vessels, and, triumphant over all, radiant in humor and molley, with wit at his fingers' ends, and ineffable character in his feet, laughed, hobbled, jeered, flouted, and pirouetted the clown, JOSEPH GRIMALDI. The audiences, in those days, were partial to beer. Tobacco was a pleasant accompaniment to the wonders of the scene. Great effect was produced by farces of a very unsentimental kind ; and the principal effort of the author was to introduce as much bustle and as many kicks into his piece, as he could. A bloody nose secured three rounds of applause ; a smack on the cheek was a successful repartee ; a coarse oath was only emphatic ; no body blushed, every body swore. There were fights in the pit, and the police-office was near at hand. It was the one place of entertainment for a poor and squalid district. Poverty and dirt went there to forget themselves, and came away unimproved. It was better, perhaps, than the beer-shop, certainly better than the prize-fight, but not so good as the tea-garden and hop. This building is now the Theatre Royal, Sadler's Wells, presided over by one of the best actors on the English stage, and ringing, night after night, to the language of SHAKESPEARE and MASSINGER. How does the audience behave? Better than young gentlemen of the Guards at a concert of sacred music ; better than young ladies of fashion at a scientific lecture. They don't yawn, they don't giggle, they don't whisper to each other at the finest passages ; but there is intense interest ; eyes, heart, mind, all fixed on the wondrous evolvment of the story. They stay, hour by hour, silent, absorbed, attentive, answering the touch of the magician's wand, warming into enthusiasm, or melting into tears, with as fine an appreciation of the working of the play as if they had studied the Greek drama, and been critics all their days. Are they the same people, or the same class of people, who roared and rioted in the pit in the days of the real water? Exactly the same. The boxes are three shillings, the pit a shilling, the gallery a sixpence. There are many fustian jackets in the pit, and in the gallery a sprinkling of shirt-sleeves. Masters of trades, and respectable shop-keepers, and professional men, and their families, are in the boxes ; and Mr. PHELPS is as great a benefactor to that neighborhood as if he had established a public park, or opened a lyceum for education. There is a perceptible difference, we are told, in the manners of the district. You can't raise a man in any one department without lifting him up in all. Improve his mind, you refine his character ; teach him even mathematics, he will learn politeness ; give him good society, he will cease to be coarse ; introduce him to SHAKESPEARE, JONSON, BEAUMONT, MASSINGER, and WEBSTER, he will be a gentleman. A man with friends like these will not go to the tap of the Black Dog. Better spend his sixpence at Sadler's Wells, and learn what was going on in Rome in the time of CORIOLANUS, or learn the thanklessness of sycophantic friends in the Athenian TIMON. With the bluff and brutal HENRY VIII. they are quite familiar, and form a very tolerable idea of a certain pinchbeck cardinal's pride, from the insolence of the overweening WOLSEY. That energy and honor overcome all impediments, they have long discovered from the story of the Lady of Lyons, and the grandeur of self-devotion in the noble aspirations of IOW. A world like this opening to their eyes, reflects a pleasant light on the common earth they inhabit. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'

It would do you good, reader, to hear this fine old Scottish song sung by a certain friend 'wham weel we ken o', and who imparts to it its full effect :

'Mirk and rainy is the night,
There's no a star in a' the carry ;
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And wild winds drive wi' winter's fury :
O are ye sleeping, MAGGIE,
O are ye sleeping, MAGGIE ?
Let me in, for loud the lin
Is roaring o'er the warlock cragie !

'Fearfu' soughs the haw-tree bank,
The rifted wood roars hoarse and dreary ;
Loud the iron gate doth clank,
And cries of owlets make me eerie :
O are ye sleeping, MAGGIE,
O are ye sleeping, MAGGIE ?
Let me in, for loud the lin
Is roaring o'er the warlock cragie !

'Above my breath I darena' speak,
For fear I rouse your sleeping daddie :
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
O rise, rise, my bonnie ladye !'
She oped the door, she let him in,
She cast aside his dripping plaidie :
'Now blaw your worst, ye rain and win',
Since, MAGGIE, I am close beside ye !'

We don't know how this may strike the reader, but to our conception, there is a

kind of weird picturesqueness in the lines that is very impressive. - - - ONE of the most touching things we've read in many a day, is the '*Story of a Young Chimney-Sweeper*' in London, which was elicited by the examination of a committee into the condition, and treatment by their masters, of this unhappy class of the poor of the metropolis. After describing the death of a fellow-sweep, a little boy named JEM, who had been caught in a flue, and was suffered by his brutal master to die there, because he thought he was 'sulking,' the account proceeds:

'POOR JEM! he was long missed amongst us. I was never sorrier for no body, except the little lass that died, it might be, a year after he, and she and me drew together from the first. She was a desolate creatur, for her step-mother, our master's wife, treated her worse than a nigger. Little NAN, or as she was mostly called by the boys, JACKY, was a child of her first husband by his first wife; so belonged, as one might say, to no body. The mistress she could never please, and the master swore that she should not eat the bread of idleness in his house; so, female as she was, he taught her to climb. She was uncommon little of her age, which made her handy for small flues, such as ovens and coppers, and the like, which is often less than nine inches square, and she had far more wit and sense than the boys that was her size. Often and often have NAN and I lain side by side at night upon the soot we had gathered in the day, with our sacks over us to cover us from the cold, for she was a shivery creatur still; and many's the time I've sifted her share of the soot, when she was tired with her day's work. She had always a bad cough when the cold set in; and I used to think the soot getting down her throat made it worse. They'd say it was a hard word to use, but I always shall fancy that climbing, which was little fit for she, was the death of her. She fell into a waste as they called it, and before she died was nothing but skin and bone. She used to creep into a nook when they'd let her be quiet, and lie there; and if any thing would please her, it was when I went slyly up to her with an orange in my hand, or an apple, which I used to buy with the few pence that were given me, instead of playing at chuck-farthing with the boys. Poor thing! she had a constant dryness, and them things did her the most good. 'SAM,' she used to say, 'when I get well again, you and me'll run away, and hide in some place a great way off, where no body sha'n't find us, for I can't climb no more, and daddy'll beat me if I do n't.' She gave me a half-penny with a hole in it to keep for her sake, and that very night she died.'

We scarcely remember any thing, even in kindred scenes of DICKENS, more truly affecting than this little simple sketch. - - - IN BLUNT *vs.* WHITNEY and Others, (3 SANDFORD'S Superior Court Reports, page 4,) the Superior Court held that where a cause 'was referred after issue, by a rule of Court, to three referees, to be heard and determined by them *on legal and equitable principles*, that the cause was thereby *taken out of Court*.' Counsel, when they consent to a reference, should be cautious, and insert in the rule a provision that the referees decide contrary to law and equity. They will thus obviate the difficulty, and keep *in Court*. We record this for the especial benefit of 'our numerous legal readers.' - - - We should like to know who it was who first put the indefinite credit of '*Exchange Paper*' to the subjoined admirable picture of '*An Old Garret*.' There is many an over-praised novel, in these latter days, that does not possess half the naturalness and true feeling of this little sketch:

'SARCASTIC people are wont to say that poets dwell in garrets, and simple people believe it. And others, neither sarcastic nor simple, send them up aloft, among the rubbish, just because they do not know what to do with them down stairs and 'among folks,' and so they class them under the head of rubbish, and consign them to the grand receptacle of dilapidated 'has-beens' and despised 'used-to-be's,' the old garret.

'The garret is to the other apartments of the homestead what the adverb is to the pedagogue in parsing: every thing they do not know how to dispose of is consigned to the list of adverbs. And it is for this precise reason that we love garrets; because they *do* contain the relics of the old and the past — souvenirs of other and happier and simpler times.

'They have come to build houses now-a-days without garrets. Impious innovation!

'You man of bronze and 'bearded like the pard,' who would make people believe, if you could, that you never were 'a toddlin' wee thing;' that you never wore 'a rifle-dress,' or jingled a rattle-box with infinite delight; that you never had a mother, and that she never became an old woman, and wore caps and spectacles, and may be took snuff; go home once more, after all these years of absence, all booted and whiskered, and six feet high as you are, and let us go up the stairs

together; in that old-fashioned spacious garret, that extends from gable to gable, with its narrow oval windows, with a spider-web of a sash, through which steals 'a dim religious light' upon a museum of things unnamable, that once figured below stairs, but were long since crowded out by the Vandal hand of these modern times.

'The loose boards of the floor rattle somewhat as they used to do — don't they? — when beneath your little pattering feet they clattered aforetime, when of a rainy day, 'mother,' wearied with many-tongued importunity, granted the 'Let us go up garret and play.' And play? Precious little of 'play' have you had since, we'll warrant, with your looks of dignity and your dreamings of ambition.

'Here we are now in the midst of the garret. That old barrel — shall we rummage it? Old files of newspapers — dusty, yellow, a little tattered! 'Tis the '*Columbian Star*.' How familiar the type looks! How it reminds you of old times, when you look over the edge of the counter with the 'Letters or papers for father!' And those same *Stars*, just damp from the press, were carried one by one from the fire-side, and perused and preserved as they ought to be. *Stars*? Damp? Ah! many a star has set since then, and many a new-turfed heap grown dewy and damp with rain that fell not from the clouds.

'Dive deeper into the barrel. There! A bundle — up it comes, in a cloud of dust. Old Almanacs, by all that is memorable! Almanacs, thin-leaved ledgers of time, going back to — let us see how far: 184-, 183-, 182-, — before our time — 180-, when our mothers were children. And the day-book — how blotted and blurred with many records and many tears!

'There you have hit your head against that beam. Time was, when you ran to and fro beneath it, but you are nearer to it, now, by more than 'the altitude of a copine.' That beam is strown with forgotten papers of seeds for next year's sowing; a distaff, with some few shreds of flax remaining, is thrust in a crevice of the rafters overhead; and tucked away close under the eaves is 'the little wheel,' that used to stand by the fire in times long gone. Its sweet, low song has ceased; and perhaps — perhaps she that drew those flaxen threads — but never mind — you remember the line, don't you?

'Her wheel at rest, the matron charms no more.'

'Well, let that pass. Do you see that little craft careened in that dark corner? It was red once; it was the only casket in the house once, and contained a mother's jewels. The old red CRADLE, for all the world! And you occupied it once: ay, great as you are, it was your world once, and over it, the only horizon you beheld, bent the heaven of a mother's eyes, as you rocked in that little barque of love, on the hither shore of time — fast by a mother's love to a mother's heart.

'And there, attached to two rafters, are the fragments of an untwisted rope. Do you remember it, and what it was for, and who fastened it there? 'Twas 'the children's swing.' You are here indeed, but where are NELLY and CHARLEY? There hangs his little cap by that window, and there the little red frock she used to wear. A crown is resting on his cherub brow, and her robes are spotless in the better land.'

How many persons there are who toil daily through the dust of the ever-to-be-unfinished Third Avenue, as if ignorant of the delightful drives along the Bloomingdale road and the glorious banks of the Hudson! The attractions of the latter route were never greater than at this moment: the smell of the new-mown hay, the glimpses of the river; the pause at BURNHAM's for a chat with the gallant Colonel, who did his country 'yeoman's service' in Mexico; the call at 'Woodlawn,' so elegantly and carefully kept by that excellent caterer, Captain WILEY, formerly of our friend MATSELL's private police-force; the view from JONES's at the beautiful 'Claremont,' a view not surpassed on the Hudson; the run on to 'THORPE's,' at the High Bridge, where is an inland view of Harlaem river; the gay green passages of distant Westchester scenery, including 'the Sound' and the villages that 'grow thereby,' not forgetting that great attraction, the High Bridge itself — these are some of the enjoyments of a ride on *our* side of the great metropolis and its western environs. - - - Is there not something 'above the common' in these lines? We address our query to those — and we know the class is a very small one — who feel themselves to be growing old:

'Soft as rays of sun-light stealing
On the dying day;
Sweet as chimes of low bells pealing
When eve fades away;
Sad as winds at night that moan
Through the heath o'er mountains lone,
Come the thoughts of days now gone
On Manhood's memory.

'As the sun-beams from the heaven
Hide at eve their light;
As the bells when fades the even
Peal not on the night:

As the night-winds cease to sigh
When the rain falls from the sky,
Pass the thoughts of days gone by
From Age's memory.

'Yet the sun-light in the morning
Forth again shall break;
And the bells give sweet-voiced warning
To the world to wake.
Soon the winds shall freshly breathe
O'er the mountain's purple heath,
But the path is lost in Death:
He hath no memory!'

'I WILL tell you,' writes our gifted 'Fabulist,' 'what some body said. He was describing a person whom he believed to be an extortioner, and said: 'He is a devourer of widows' houses! Why, I went into his back-office the other day, and what do you suppose I found? I found, Sir, the last relics of a widow's house; a *half-eaten chimney*, and some rafters gnawed like old bones!' Vigorous, was n't it? I will now tell you something which some body has *not* said, but which I myself am going to say at the earliest opportunity. I first thought of it on the nineteenth day of February last, between the hours of seven and eight in the evening. The first time that I see a boorish chap named JOSHUA, I shall inquire of the by-standers why the middle finger of his left arm is like a French merchant. If they answer that they do not know, as of course they will, I will say: 'Because it is a member of the *boor-Joshua*.' If you are a French scholar, you will at once remember that the tradesmen of France are called the *bourgeoisie*, and will admire my talents almost as much as I admire them myself. The young gentleman first named in this note was once desired by a serious correspondent to 'state at length his views of the causes which led to the decay and downfall of the Roman empire.' In reply to this formidable request, he wrote, that after mature reflection and extensive reading, he concluded that the cause of the ruin of that gigantic empire was, that '*its bottom fell out*.' Rather a new view of the subject, it seemed to me. - - - '*The Gramercy*' is the name of a new and splendid hotel, at the corner of Twentieth-street and Broadway, and equi-distant between Union and Madison Squares. 'The exterior (we quote from the *Journal of Commerce*) is no wise remarkable, except for its considerable extent. It is a brick structure, five stories high, having a front of one hundred feet on Broadway looking west, and one hundred and ninety feet on Twentieth-street looking south. It is arranged in suites of rooms, adapted in size and number to the accommodation of families large and small. Like the best hotels of Paris, and the new establishments in our own city, it combines the feature of a *table d'hôte* with the English plan; and the culinary arrangements and *personnel* are so extended as to admit of the serving of meals at all hours, at the option of the guest, without extra charge for this peculiar convenience. The public rooms are numerous, spacious, and airy. The parlors are gorgeously furnished; and, indeed, there is no deficiency in this respect in any part of the house, as may be inferred from the fact that the cost of the furniture is computed at fifty thousand dollars. There are two hundred rooms in the house. The proprietors are Mr. DONADI, whose original profession of cook and later successful experience in his present business guaranty abundant qualification, and Mr. ANDEM, formerly of Boston.' We learn from the *Evening Mirror*, that Mr. DONADI served his apprenticeship in the King's kitchen at Naples, and ran away at the age of eighteen, and concealed himself on board the United States frigate *Constitution*, then in the harbor. Commodore ELLIOTT ordered the fugitive on shore, but yielded to his supplication for permission to cook the Commodore a dinner. A dinner was ordered for twelve, and the young Italian was immortalized. On arriving in the United States, he opened a restaurant in Philadelphia, and has since been '*chef*' at several of our first-class hotels; and subsequently the proprietor of the Powelton House, at Newburgh; and again, of a town-house, bearing his name. - - - A WESTERN correspondent sends, as a 'set-off' against the 'Squire' who wrote for the 'nu Yorke Gustis' law-book, the following verbatim et literatim extract from the manuscript of a JEREMY DIDDLER magi-

cian, sent to be printed, and the payment for which was withheld. This 'Greate magician and selebrated Play-acter and Deliniator of Eccentric and Comic Caracters,' has taken a 'Rum for the porpos of Delivereng a short lecture on Lodger-dremain slite of hand Deseption,' etc., and these are a part of his performances:

'DURING the Evn Mr Me will interduce a variety of Hindoo mericles and other interesting amusing and instructive plays with Chine Rings, Balls, Magic flute, Magic peneys and shillins Cards Eggs hankerchiefs and the greate Hat trick whitche Crestes screams of Laffure

'After whitche will be given the laughable adventures of the well-known old PETER HONTZ the veteran puglist and toper

'In this performance Mr. Me will Delinate six Eccentric and Comic Carictars being a specimen of Vantiloquism.

'1 he will represent old PETER HONTZ the Comic joker on the stage after which Mr. HONTZ will interduce his wife on the stage to Asist him in a play which winds up with a representation of a man and wife in a quarell

'2 Miss FILICY a Colored lady will plague old PETER whitche the result is Apearintly death of Miss FILICY

'3 A minester the owner of the Colored lady on persuit of HONTZ in order to receive pay and give HONTZ a peace of good Advice which is not Exsepted 4 PATRICK MALONEY an Irishman acting as an officer will arrest old PETER for murder Though fale in the atempt which leaves HONTZ Master of all until an evil Spirit a Savage apears in a fritefull manor to HONTZ and finly Carys him off whitche Crestes Screems of Laffure.

'theas Caricters are of small size & actions as Naturally as life it Self'

'ELDER Root,' as he was always called, was rather a sour old deacon of the 'straitest sect;' and hence he was not over-much beloved by the young folk of the parish. One Sunday morning he saw a lad pulling something up in the corner of a garden by the road-side. 'What are you doing there, at work in the garden on a Sunday morning?' growled the Deacon. 'I was only pulling up this nasty, p'ison *Elder-Root!*' was the prompt reply. Elder Root passed on, musing; and that very day at church the boy was called out by name, and reproved before the whole congregation for burglariously cutting into a neighboring pew with a sharp 'BARLOW-knife.' - - - If it should so chance that you are walking down Hudson-street, pause for a moment under the shadow of the trees that adorn the front of St. LUKE'S Church, and say a word to the unfortunate man who sits in his little umbrella-covered wagon, rolled up like a ball, and mutely asks you to buy his yellow-covered little book, entitled '*Life of the Unfortunate Levi B. Swalm, Written by Himself.*' Buy it, because you will enjoy the style of the 'booklet,' which is very unique. The author describes how he came to be a cripple; in fact, he gives us all the main incidents of his humble life. At an early period his 'joints began to grow crooked,' until he was brought into a 'state of absolute duncity;' notwithstanding all this, he was 'spirited and prospective,' although leading 'a zig-zag life.' At the age of thirteen he began to 'leave over books,' and 'demureingly' to read some of them, especially a 'nice, replete spelling-book' for new-beginners; and thus the 'venitency of his nature' overcame his adversities. He tells that at one time he '*lied* at the door of death,' but finally recovered, when his 'business progressed with increased vivacity;' and so forth, and so forth. But *buy the book*: its cost is but a trifle; and it will help a poor cripple, and give the reader a new sense of the 'power of words.' - - - HEAR a word or two on behalf of the PUBLISHER. He won't detain you long, not being 'a man of words:' When it was proposed to reduce the price of this Magazine to three dollars a year, many of the best friends of the work had great fears that the effect would be ruinous. The experiment had been tried by other publications, and in several instances the result had been a failure. In many cases, a reduction in price had been followed by a corresponding reduction in the quantity and quality of the work. This we have been most careful not only to avoid, but have gone to greater expense than ever to improve on the past. Our efforts thus far have been attended with the most marked success.

We desire to return our most grateful acknowledgments to the many kind friends who have made up clubs or sent new subscribers. Their aid has been timely and welcome, and shows what a very extended circulation we might have, had we the same kind friends in every place. We beg to remind our readers that the work is now conducted strictly on the CASH system. Every subscription will be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, unless renewed. Our publisher, being a very modest man, says he would rather sit up all night to enter the names of new pre-paid subscribers than to write dunning-letters two hours a day. He has allowed many accounts to run on until 'the parties' ran off to California, failed, or died, solely from his aversion to dunning. From rather too much experience, he has almost as much distaste for the reception of duns. All these vexatious annoyances are avoided by advance payments, and no subscriber is obliged to take the work any longer than he wants it. Our friends will see the prospectus of our new volume on the third page of the cover. Please turn to it, 'and, when found, make a note of.' - - - An 'Indian doctor' hereabout, a 'true Vermonter by birth,' who comes to his patients 'clad in his daily apparel, with his staff in one hand and his remedy in the other,' has addressed '*To the World*' some business poetry, which is unique: 'as par exam.:'

'Go, find the Indian Doctor lately from the wood;
He takes out cancers, which is doing much good;
And that is not all, it is done without much pain,
He restores the sight and cures the lame.

'To those who are afflicted with cancer disease',
In any part of the body, this opportunity seize,
Come if you are poor, be cured free from charge,
Before your cancers are any more enlarged.

'It is not often you see one of this kind,
To take out a cancer or cure the blind;
I beg of the afflicted, let me not pass you by,
For this dangerous disease may cause you to die.

'Rejoice, you that have this awful disease,
To think I am come for you to relieve;
It is done with the simple plant God made;
Because so simple, by man has been delayed.'

What great cause of gratulation is embodied in the first two lines of the last verse! - - - NOTHING strikes a stranger in New-York so forcibly as the magnificence of our stores; and they are very short-sighted who suppose that these sumptuous adornments are 'extravagance' merely. Not at all. Let any one step into '*Genin's Bazaar*,' in the white marble '*Saint Nicholas*,' and watch the crowds of ladies and children that come there to be supplied with the rarest and most beautiful fabrics of France and America, made up, 'from top to toe,' in the latest styles of preëminent fashion, and it will be seen that 'that first appeal which is to *the eye*' is not lost upon the thousands who are curious to see the graceful and the beautiful. - - - 'P.'s '*Summer Monody*' is lugubrious and untimely. '*Summer monody!*' Why, the writer must belong to the class of the sentimental lover in the play: 'I always weeps ven I sees a green leaf!' he exclaims: and if our correspondent is of his 'school,' he can become a male NIOBE at any moment, by going out into the glorious woods of June. A '*Summer Monody!*' indeed! - - - This story is related of a lawyer who has since attained eminence in his profession. A case in which he was engaged as counsel for the defendant came on at a certain day. As he was insufficiently prepared, he was very anxious to have the case postponed a few days, that he might have farther time for this purpose. Unfortunately there was a great press

of business, and he knew that this motion would be overruled unless some extraordinary reason was alleged. Under these circumstances, he bethought himself of an expedient. Rising with his handkerchief to his face, he addressed the Judge in accents of great apparent emotion: 'May it please your Honor, I have just been informed that my mother is at the point of death. My emotions are too great for me to proceed in this case. I move that it be postponed until day after to-morrow.' This request would of course have been granted by the court, whose sympathies were strongly excited in his behalf; but at this moment, to the discomfiture of the lawyer, and the amusement of the audience, the shrill voice of his mother was heard issuing from the gallery: 'ICHABOD! ICHABOD! how often have I whipped you for lying?' The case was n't postponed, nor was it gained by the afflicted counsel. - - - A TEXAN correspondent, from whom we shall always be pleased to hear, writes us as follows:

'It occurred to me, as an idea worth tentation at least, while I was reading the 'Gossip' just now, that I might gossip back a wee bit, without presumption. Let me hint, by the way, that Texas is the country to cure a man of what little modesty he may be troubled with. This I mention, because it just now occurs to me, and because it is a useful contribution to the world of knowledge. I have been here a year, and have seen some curiosities which, as I have never seen them in print, I don't doubt will be new to you.

'I attended a circuit-meeting the other day, where a 'powerful' preacher held forth. The Gospel was his theme, and he thus defined his position: 'In ancient times, there were magicians who worked wonders. These wonders were called *spells*. CHRIST and his disciples worked wonders, or spells, too; and because they were worked in the name of God, they were first called God-spells, afterward corrupted to Gospel!'

'There is a curious custom among the ladies in many parts of this country, 'leastways' it appeared somewhat curious to me, when I was 'just green from the States.' It is technically called '*dipping*.' Now, I'll stake my worst-banged sombrero against a bran-new GEM, that you can't guess what that is, in three times trying. Well, to relieve you, it is a peculiar way of *taking snuff*. The operation is performed with a little willow-stick, some five inches long, and 'mashed' at one end. This, being wet, is '*dipped*' in the snuff, which, adhering, is thus conveyed to the teeth, and is rubbed over them and the gums. The effect is semi-intoxication, which is said by the initiated to be far more agreeable than by the old legitimate way, so comforting to 'Bess CURRIERS' a'd her daber BISS GRIBES. Fancy a lady from New-York (and I have known such instances) politely offered 'a stick' by the lady of the house, where she might chance to be visiting, accompanied by the question, 'Do you dip?' Fancy yourself, my dear 'Old KNICK,' married to a '*Dipper*!'

'I derived some new ideas in law from a judge a short time since, who was charging a jury in a murder case. Among other things, he said: 'It is sometimes the duty of a free and independent citizen of our country to take life. To be sure, it is a maxim of common law that a man should retreat rather than take the life of his antagonist; but no judge in Texas will charge a jury so, nor shall I.' Allusion was once made, in presence of this judge, to HOMER, and the seven cities which claimed to have been his birth-place. 'And well they might,' said he, 'for he was born at Mantua, educated at Florence, and afterward went to Rome, and distinguished himself; and indeed he was a man of considerable ability!'

In reading the following account of a curious case recently tried before the Correctional Police of Paris, we thought of the man who put his dog's tail, by way of experiment, in a big lobster's claw, to see whether he would 'hold on' or not, and who, when his dog ran howling away, bearing the lobster with him, declined to 'whistle back his dog,' as requested by the fisherman, but on the other hand, desired the latter to 'whistle back his lobster.' We've told the anecdote before, however, come to think of it: 'A fish-woman at the market was summoned, by a lady named GREBUCHET, to answer for damages done to her nose by one of the fish-woman's lobsters. Madame GREBUCHET, it seems, wishing to treat her husband to something unusual on Ascension day, was bargaining for the lobster in question, but on examining it closely, threw it down, declaring that it was not fresh. The dealer insisted that it was alive, which Madame GREBUCHET denied, and went so far as to say that it smelled bad. To satisfy herself definitively that such was the case, she applied the lobster a second time to her nose, when the crustacean, as if to prove its owner's veracity, seized Madame GREBUCHET's nose with its claws, and gave it an awful nipping. Madame GREBUCHET screamed, and the fish-woman and her friends indulged in uproarious hilarity. They finally thought proper to detach the lobster, as the victim was now fully convinced of its fresh-

ness. For the injuries sustained, Mrs. GREBUCHET claimed thirty francs; but the fish-woman maintained that she was not at all to blame, and that the mischief was the lady's own doing, who *would* put her nose between the lobster's claws, when she was told it was alive. The Tribunal took the same view of the case, and dismissed the complaint, ordering the plaintiff to pay the costs.' And 'served her right.' A 'lady' with such a name as GREBUCHET ought to be compelled to sleep with live lobsters under her pillow, to say nothing of her 'suspicious' character. - - - Ir 'doth appeareth' that there were other *tributes* to the memory of the victims of the Cochecho (New-Hampshire) rail-road disaster than were mentioned in a late poetical report in these pages; for here is a second hand-bill effusion which names additional 'parties:'

'COME all you tender Christians of high and low degree,
I pray you pay attention and listen unto me.
It is of as cruel a circumstance as ever you did hear,
Concerning a dreadful accident that happened in last year.

'It was on the twenty-first of November, eighteen hundred and fifty-one
On the Cochecho Rail-road this sad accident was done;
The train left Dover at half-past five, it being in the afternoon,
But little did they expect to meet their deadly wound.

'It being three miles from the plains, that being the unlucky spot,
The cars they sunk and the engine upset;
These men jumped off, thinking their lives to save,
But to their great misfortune they met a watery grave.

'The other man was CHARLES YOUNG, was killed upon that day,
The other was an Irishman of noble fame, I hear them say.
RICHARD MCCLUSKEY was his name, to Dover did belong,
Since the hour he was born, to no man he done wrong;
By that cruel accident, happened on that day,
By an over-plus of water his life was took away.

'All you sons of the Hibernian Society, that lives in Dover town,
Come sit you down beside me to your praises I will sound.
Like a true and social brethren you assembled on that day,
To bear the body of the victim RICHARD MCCLUSKEY to the clay.

'Now to conclude and finish let every Christian pray,
For the victim RICHARD MCCLUSKEY that is now laid in the clay.
As the LORD conveyed the Israelites across the raging sea,
May the King of Right I pray on sight his soul receive this day!'

That 'over-plus of water' is a new term for drowning, and *very* original is the idea of a spiritual draft 'on sight!' - - - HEARD from a Sunday-school teacher, just now, an illustration of *one* kind of 'Christian Forgiveness.' Improving upon the day's 'lesson,' the teacher asked a boy whether, 'in view' of what he had been studying and repeating, he could forgive those who had wronged him. 'Could you,' said the teacher, 'forgive a boy, for example, who had insulted or struck you?' 'Ye-e-s, Sir,' replied the lad very slowly, 'I—guess—I—could;,' but he added, in a much more rapid manner: 'I could, *if he was bigger than I am!*' Isn't there something of 'grown experience' in that? - - - WE postpone notices of several publications from our own and our sister cities, until our next number, some of which are already in type. Our port-folios, which have been fast filling, shall be overhauled soon, and the result made known to our contributors. - - - WELL, here you have the *First Number of our Fortieth Volume*. WE should like the opinion of our editorial contemporaries every where, 'as touching the fact' whether our Magazine, since it was reduced in price from five dollars to three per annum, has in any respect deteriorated; and whether, on the other hand, both internally and externally, we have not faithfully kept our promise, that there should be 'no change in the work, except for the better.' How is it, friends? 'Your voices, gentlemen!'

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